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THE BOOKMAN

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Chronicle and Comment

The Leader

There have been very few tributes of recent years with which we have been so cordially in sympathy as that embodied in the recent dinner to Mr. William Dean Howells on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. Mr. Howells is not merely the Dean of American letters; by virtue of his achievement and his years of splendid service he is to-day the unquestioned leader. In other periods and in other lands there have been literary figures far more dominant. But never has command been held with more dignity, or by a more courteous, a more kindly gentleman.

The Story of a Century

The fact that Mr. J. Henry Harper's *The House of Harper, a Century of Publishing in Franklin Square* may be taken as an advertisement in some quarters is not of the slightest importance. Nor are we disposed to emphasise the fact that the work might in many ways have been much better done. What really counts is that it is one of the most entertaining books of its kind that we have read for years, a book not to be reviewed and then tossed aside, but one that demands a place on a reference shelf limited to thirty or forty very necessary volumes. A great publishing house is far more than a mere business enterprise. The House of Harper is the oldest of all our great American publishing houses. By

JAMES BARNES IN THE CHARACTER OF SILAS LAPHAM AT THE DINNER TO WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

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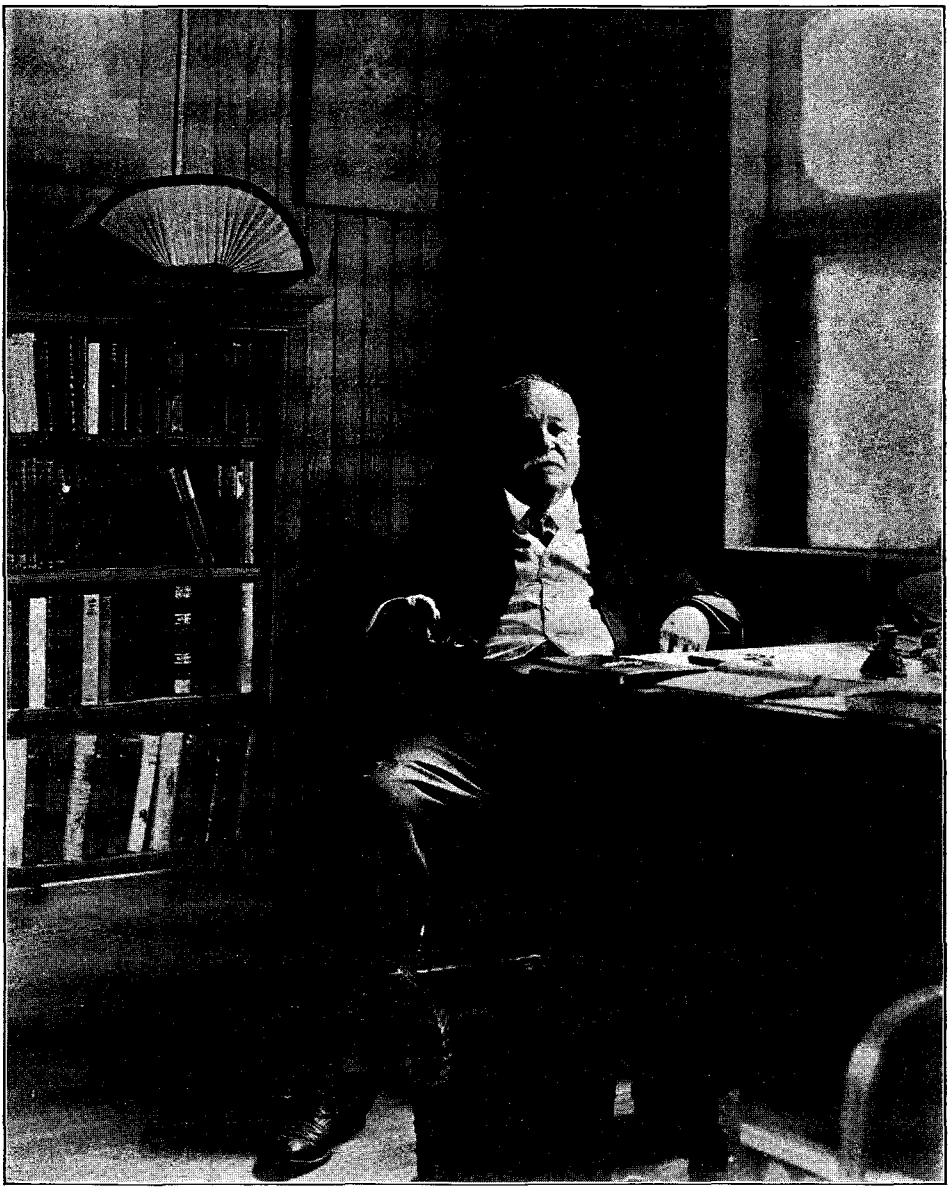
reason of the seniority and of the great names which have been associated with its activities of five and ninety years its story is bound to be a contribution to the literary annals of our nation. We are accustomed to hear a good deal of the great English publishing houses. As a matter of fact, is there one of them which has had personal dealings with many American and English men of letters of the first order? For that matter how many can point to a hundred years? When we recall that the Harpers were the accredited publishers of Thackeray, and Dickens, and Bulwer, and Charles Reade, Mr. Harper's line to the effect that "the best English fiction of the last half century was published in *Harper's Magazine*" is far from being an idle boast.



MR. HOWELLS IN HIS STUDY AT KITTERY POINT, MAINE

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So rich is the mine of anecdote to be found in this book that the problem is where to begin and what to select. Much hasty abuse has lately been heaped upon the American publisher of that yesterday before the international copyright law. The recent Dickens Centenary and the Dickens Stamp have revived all the stories of his iniquity. Some figures set down by Mr. Harper have a direct bearing on the matter. The idea is general that the books of well-known English writers forty years ago were appropriated by American publishers without any pecuniary compensation. As a matter of fact, leading American publishers were in the habit of paying English authors or their representatives liberally for advance sheets, although these payments protected the publishers in no way

MR. HOWELLS IN HIS GARDEN AT KITTERY POINT, MAINE

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THE DINNER TO MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

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IN NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1912

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against subsequent piratical competition.

Harper and Brothers paid Charles Dickens as much as £1,250 for *Great Expectations;* to W. M. Thackeray, £480 for *The Virginians;* to Anthony Trollope £700 for *Sir Harry Hotspur.* George Eliot was paid as high as £1,700 for one novel.

THE DINNER TO MR. HOWELLS

Those present at the dinner were: Charles Francis Adams, Cyrus C. Adams, George Ade, Felix Adler, Henry Mills Alden, Mrs. Henry M. Alden, John W. Alexander, Mrs. John W. Alexander, James Lane Allen, *Joseph A. Altsheler, Mrs. Suzanne Antrobus, Paul Armstrong, Miss Jessie Ashley, Joseph S. Auerbach,* Mrs. Mary Austin, Mrs. B. W. Babcock, Rene Bache, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, Ray Stannard Baker, Frederic Bancroft, Ralph Henry Barbour, James Barnes, Richard Barry, Arlo Bates, Samuel G. Bayne, Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, William G. Beymer, Major John Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigley, Reginald B. Birch, Alexander Black, Edwin H. Blashfield, Rudolph Block, Edward William Bok, Miss Geraldine Bonner, Herbert E. Bowen, Mrs. H. E. Bowen, Henry W. Boynton, Miss Anna H. Branch, W. H. Briggs, Christian Brinton, Arthur Brisbane, Miss Catharine Holland Brown, Elmer Elsworth Brown, Kenneth Brown, Mrs. Kenneth Brown, R. C. E. Brown, Robert Walton Bruere, George de Forest Brush, Thomson Buchanan, Miss Anna Buckbee, Gelett Burgess, Ellis Parker Butler, James Branch Cabell, Charles Henry Caffin, Abraham Cahan, Bliss Carman, Hereward Carrington, Hayden Carruth, Miss Willa Sibert Cather, George Whitfield Chadwick, Julius Chambers, Dr. William E. Chancellor, A. D. Chandler, Willis O. Chapin, Carleton T. Chapman, William M. Chase, George Randolph Chester, Richard Washburn Child. Winston Churchill, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud, Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, Mrs. Fordyce Coburn, Frank Moore Colby, Miss Grace L. Collin, Arthur Colton, James B. Connolly, John R. Coryell, Miss Frances M. Courtney, Prof. Henry E. Crampton, Herbert Croly, E. J. Cullen, Mrs. E. J. Cullen, Miss Natalie Curtis, Miss Elisabeth Cutting, Mrs. Mary Stuart Cutting, Coningsby William Dawson, Dr. William J. Dawson, Joseph A. Dear, Charles De Kay, Mrs. Anna Farwell De Koven, Miss Ellen D. Deland, Lorin F. Deland, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Miss Anna Farwell De Koven, T. De Thulstrup, Mrs. Melville Dewey, William Dinwiddie, Thomas Dixon, Frank N. Dodd, Nathan H. Dole, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, F. J. Dowd, Miss Olivia Howard Dunbar, Robert Kennedy Duncan, F. A. Duneka, Mrs. F. A. Duneka, Miss Ellen Duvall, Frank L. Dyer, Charles A. Eastman, Harry Stilwell Edwards, Mrs. E. S. G. Elliott, Miss Katherine J. Everts, Mrs. Julie Opp Faversham, Henry T. Finck, Charles W. Fisk, Mrs. C. W. Fisk, Mrs. John Joseph Flaherty, James Lauren Ford, Justus Miles Forman, Miss Lillie Hamilton French, Daniel C. French, C. H. Gaines, Mrs. Marie Manning Gasch, Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates, Mrs. Margarita Spalding Gerry, George Gibbs, Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore, Miss Ellen Glasgow, Montague Glass, Charles Buxton Going, Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin, Judge Robert Grant. Dr. Robert H. Greene, Eliot Gregory, Zane Grey, Solomon Bulkley Griffin, Rev. W. Elliott Griffis, John Habberton, Mrs. Louise Closser Hale, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, Gertrude Hall, Hutchins Hapgood, Miss Isabel Hapgood, Will N. Harben, Joseph W. Harper, Mrs. Joseph W. Harper, Lee F. Hartman, Mrs. Lee F. Hartman, Mr. Harvey, Mrs. George Harvey, Miss Dorothy Harvey, Thomas Hastings, Charles H. Hawes, Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, Major J. C. Hemphill, Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, Miss Alice Minnie Herts. George A. Hibbard, President John Grier Hibben, Frederick Trevor Hill, Hon. Charles D. Hilles, Lucius W. Hitchcock, Ripley Hitchcock, George V. Hobart, George Hodges, Hamilton Holt, Mrs. John D. Hooker, Herbert Muller Hopkins, Charles F. Horne, A. F. Houghton, Edward J. House, Mark A. De Wolf Howe, Mr. Howells, John M. Howells, Miss Mildred Howells, Henry Hoyns, Mrs. Henry Hoyns, Rupert Hughes. President A. C. Humphreys, Miss Mary Gay Humphreys, James Gibbon Huneker, Ernest Ingersoll, William O. Inglis, Mrs. W. O. Inglis, Wallace Irwin, Frederic S. Isham, Thomas A. Janvier, Mrs. Katherine A. Janvier, R. J. Jervis, Burges Johnson, Clifton Johnson, Merle Johnson, Owen Johnson, Robert Underwood Johnson, Rossiter Johnson, William Martin Johnson,

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The payments to Wilkie Collins ran as high as £750 each for *The Woman in White, Man and Wife,* and *The Moonstone.* For Charles Reade's *A Woman Hater,* £1,000.

Between 1848 and 1860 Macaulay's *History of England* was published, and £650 was paid by Harper and Brothers for the American market, although no protection was accorded, and

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VIEW OF THE UPPER TABLES

William Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Anne Fellows Johnston, Charles Johnston, Miss Kate Jones, Elizabeth Jordan, James Otis Kaler, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Arthur I. Keller, Commander J. D. Kelley, Edward W. Kemble, Charles Rann Kennedy, Basil King, Miss Grace Elisabeth King, Mrs. Mary H. Kinkaid, Adachi Kinnosuké, Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, Alden Arthur Knipe, John Larkin, John A. Larkin, Jerome B. Latour, Mrs. J. B. Latour, Edwin Lefevre, Richard Le Gallienne, Frederick T. Leigh, Mrs. Frederick T. Leigh, Dr. Claude G. Leland, Alfred Henry Lewis, Mrs. Margaret Cameron Lewis, Joseph C. Lincoln, Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, Nelson Lloyd, John Luther Long, Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, Rev. James M. Ludlow, Mark Lee Luther, Dr. Frank H. MacCarthy, Harold MacGrath, Hon. William McAdoo, W. C. McCloy, Miss Jean Newton McIlwraith, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Mrs. Katherine Mackay, Percy Mackaye, Admiral A. T. Mahan, Edwin Markham, Mrs. Atwood R. Martin, T. Comerford Martin, Thomas L. Masson, Miss Frances Aymar Matthews, W. H. Meadowcroft, Miss Mary M. Mears, W. E. Mears, George H. Mifflin, Mrs. Alice Duer Miller, Charles R. Miller, W. W. Mischler, Cleveland L. Moffett, Harrison S. Morris, Edward S. Morse, Prof. Will S. Munro, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, F. A. Nast, Wilbur D. Nesbit, Peter Newell, Meredith Nicholson, Roy Norton, Frederic Albion Ober, Adolph S. Ochs, Rollo Ogden, Harvey J. O'Higgins, James Oppenheim, Frederic Opper, William Dana Orcutt, Duffield Osborne, Lloyd Osbourne, F. Cunliffe Owen, Walter H. Page, Albert Bigelow Paine, Miss Anna P. Paret, W. Farquhar Payson, Edward Penfield, Thomas Sargent Perry, Mrs. Thomas Sargent Perry, Arthur B. Phelan, Miss Emily Post, Miss Mary Knight Potter, George Haven Putnam, Herbert Putnam, Prof. John D. Quackenbos, Ogden Mills Reid, Dr. Thomas L. Rhoads, Mrs. Anna Katherine Rohlfs, H. E. Rood, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, Cale Young Rice, William H. Rideing, A. Fremont Rider, Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs, Jacob Riis, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, Dr. Stanley Rinehart, Gen. E. H. Ripley, Morgan Robertson, Adolph Roeder, Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers, Henry M. Rogers, William A. Rogers, Edwin Milton Royle, Miss Charlotte L. Rudyard, Arthur Brown Ruhl, Henry B. Russell, Theodore Burt Sayre, Robert Haven Schauffler, Miss Eliza R. Scidmore, Frank H. Scott, LeRoy Scott, Charles Scribner, Wallace M. Scudder, Ellery Sedgwick, Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Don C. Seitz, Garrett P. Serviss, Robert Shackleton, Miss Adele Marie Shaw, Morgan Shepard, Miss Anna McClure Sholl, Henry Augustus Shute, John A. Sleicher, James Sloan, Jr., Prof. William M. Sloane, W. T. Smedley, F. Hopkinson Smith, Miss Gertrude Smith, Miss Nora Archibald Smith, Carl Snyder, Albert E. Sterner, Melville E. Stone, Julian Leonard Street, Arthur Stringer, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Sullivan, Van Tassel Sutphen, Mrs. Kate Dickinson Sweetser, Prseident Taft, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, Emerson Gifford Taylor, Nelson Taylor, Augustus Thomas, Miss Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William H. Thomas, Prof. Francis Newton Thorpe, Everett Titsworth Tomlinson, Lewis Frank Tooker, Ridgeley Torrence, Charles Hanson Towne, Arthur C. Train, Mrs. Arthur C. Train, Ralph Waldo Trine, Theodore N. Vail, Mrs. Theodore N. Vail, Lewis J. Vance, John C. van Dyke, Edward S. Van Zile, Father Vaughn, George S. Viereck, Oswald Garrison Villard, Leon H. Vincent, Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse, Frank E. Wallis, Paul B. Watson, William Watson, Mrs. William Watson, Miss Jean Webster, Deshler Welch, Miss Carolyn Wells, Thomas B. Wells, Mrs. Thomas B. Wells, Mrs. Francis Willing Wharton, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Horace White, William Allen White, Miss Lillian Whiting, Marrion Wilcox, Mrs. Louise Collier Willcox, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, Gen. James H. Wilson, Henry Wolf, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Dr. John A. Wyeth, Miss Rose Young, Rufus Zogbaum.

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several unauthorised editions were promptly put in the field, compelling the publishers of the authorised editions to sell their productions at about cost. In 1876 *Macaulay's Life and Letters* was published, and we paid £1,000 for the advance sheets.

J. HENRY HARPER

At that the troubles of English authors of half a century ago were not confined to virtuous indignation over the ethical shortcomings of American publishers. Now and then there is apparent a note of jealousy directed against fellow British authors. For example, in 1859 *Harper's Weekly* was running serially *A Good Fight,* by Charles Reade, and Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities.* Certain conditions brought from Reade the following characteristic letter:

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,
July 30, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I have received Messrs. Harper's reply to my letter of June 17th and 18th—their letter bears date July 15th. The terms they offer me are perhaps as much as my sheets are worth; but as a matter of business,

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courtesy to a distinguished writer demands an instant reply.

Up to the present moment I have had every means to be satisfied with Messrs. Harper. But this time I don't feel quite satisfied. *A Good Fight* is a masterpiece. *A Tale of Two Cities* is not a masterpiece. Yet Messrs. Harper gave Five Thousand dollars (£1,000) for it, and to me *one-twentieth* of that sum. Now this might be just in England, but hardly just in America, where, as you know very well, I rank at least three times higher than I do in this country. There is, however, a very simple way of smoothing my feathers if you think it worth while.

Suppose I were to print the last number ahead of *Once a Week* altogether and thus enable Messrs. Harper to get a considerable start with the *Tale* in volume, and suppose Messrs. Harper were to defer settling with me till the sale of the volume had established in figures the commercial value of the work, and thus strike my percentage according to value. This proposal included of course some little expense on my part. That is my affair.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES READE.

Three English authors who were apparently content with their treatment at the hands of their American publishers were Besant, Hardy and Black. In fact they put themselves on record to this effect at the time of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's dispute with the Messrs. Harper, and Kipling retaliated with the lines

We were paid in the coin of the white man's realm,
The besant is hard, aye, and black.

The incident and the poem are well enough known, but the paragraph that led to the trouble has, we think, been forgotten by most of our readers. It appeared in the London *Athenæum* for October, 1890.

A year or so ago Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when passing through New York, called on Messrs. Harper and offered them for reprinting *Soldiers Three* and other pieces of his now famous. He was speedily shown the door, and told that a firm devoted to the publication of literature of a high class could not trouble itself about such writings as his. This autumn Messrs. Harper picked out of the magazines some six stories of Mr. Kipling, without asking his permission or giving him an opportunity of revising them, and have printed them as a volume. They have sent Mr. Kipling a letter containing a bald announcement of the fact and the sum of £10, which was promptly returned. The only side of literature that Messrs. Harper appear to understand at all is the commercial. When an author is unknown to fame, they, it would seem, content themselves with insulting him; when he is celebrated, they insult and rob him.

William Black, like a minor Balzac, lived the better part of his life in the imaginary world he had created. It was sometimes with difficulty that he came out of this fairy dreamland to deal with the realities of commonplace existence. He told Mr. Harper that once, at a dinner in London, he had just offered his arm to his hostess when a vital situation in a novel he had in hand began to work itself out, and that he could not interrupt its progress. To his partner's remarks he could make only idiotic replies, and was actually helpless for the rest of the evening. As soon as he could leave he rushed home and sat writing out the scenes he had passed through. In the same way, he said, some of his characters would often assume the constructive responsibilities of a story already carefully mapped out by him and run it to suit themselves. Usually this was better for the tale but a disappointment for him. He would plan a happy ending and find it turn out a tragedy. In his opinion books that ended sadly were more discussed and left a more lasting impression.

George Du Maurier's connection with the Harpers dated from 1888 when he began to furnish full-page comic pictures for the magazine. His first story, *Peter Ibbetson,* was not a great success either as a serial or in book form. Du Maurier wrote it first in English, then translated it into French, and then back again into English. *Peter Ibbetson* was followed in a year or two by *Trilby,* and the furore aroused by that book is history. Although the manuscript was sold and bought outright an additional royalty on the sale was given the author. Mr. Harper once expressed to Mr. Du Maurier his surprise at the facility with which a

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man wrote who was not trained to writing. To which Mr. Du Maurier replied:

Not at all, my boy; I have been writing short chapters of society romances for years. Why, the letterpress which accompanies my work in *Punch* requires more study and attention than the drawings themselves, and in that way I have passed through a most laborious school of training in English diction.

In speaking of *The Martian*, Mr. Du Maurier's third and last novel, Mr. Harper seems to have made no reference to a curious and, we believe, authentic incident of literary history, the manner in which the first rough draft of the story was set in type, printed, and bound, in order that the author might begin work anew from a complete book.

The recent death of Henry Labouchère lends a particular timeliness to a story of a visit to Berlin told by the editor of London *Truth* to Mr. Harper.

He said that on the German frontier all the train passengers were turned out to have their luggage examined. He had a portmanteau which he declared contained nothing dutiable. But the pompous inspector told him to open it, which he forthwith did. Then the official proceeded to unpack it and to throw his effects about, and, on finding nothing of an incriminating character, marked it as all right. Labouchère told him that he had been so discourteous that he should expect him to repack the bag, at which the official smiled and contemptuously informed him that he was an officer in the German Government and must not be addressed in such an offensive manner. After a short interval the inspector intimated that the Berlin express would leave in a few minutes, and that if he expected to take his luggage with him he had better be sharp about it. Labouchère repeated that as he had disarranged his things and scattered them about, he must put them back. About one minute before the train left the official again warned Labouchère that he would be left if he did not hurry, and soon afterward the whistle blew and the train departed. Labouchère then asked for the telegraph office, and, being shown to it, took a blank and wrote:

"PRINCE BISMARCK, BERLIN: I am detained on the frontier by the overbearing treatment of a custom-house official and cannot dine with you to-night. LABOUCHÈRE."

He paid the price of the message and desired it to be sent immediately. The operator read the despatch, hesitated to take the money, excused himself, and hurried over to the custom-house officer, who read the message and nervously approached Labouchère, and with the most humble apologies said that he had made a mistake, agreed to repack the portmanteau, and, with much servility, asked what else he could do to atone for his rudeness. Labouchère replied that the only atonement possible was for him to replace his effects and to provide a special train to Berlin. This was eventually arranged. We then inquired of Labouchère if he arrived in time for dinner. "I had no intention of dining with Bismarck," he observed; "in fact, I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. It was what you Americans call a 'gigantic bluff.'"

On one occasion Mr. Harper invited Mr. John Kendrick Bangs to lunch with him to meet an English friend who had just arrived in America, and afterward the party went to Ardsley to play golf. A few days later Mr. Harper received the following bill:

ARDSLEY, Nov. 12, 1897.

MR. J. HENRY HARPER

To the Bangs Entertainment Co., Dr.

.....

Oct. 9

Entertaining one Englishman eight hours @ $10	$80
Entertaining one Publisher eight hours @ $2	16
Laughing at Englishman's jokes	75
Jests supplied at luncheon	2.50
One brassey, broken while playing golf with Englishman	2
Disbursements, Link cards, Caddies, Scotches & Soda	10.28
Please remit.	$185.78

No story of a publishing house would be complete without allusions to "crank manuscripts" and attempted literary impositions. According to Mr. Harper, the most extraordinary example of the latter class that ever reached Franklin Square was a manuscript written in longhand, with numerous erasures and interlineations — all the earmarks of a genuine piece of work. The subject-matter seemed oddly reminiscent, al-

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though the names and localities were strange. Another page or two settled the question; the book was nothing else than Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. Evidently the ambitious author had found an old copy of the book tucked away in a dusty corner of some neglected library, and had been impressed by the sombre power and horror of the tale. The book was an old one, and the impostor evidently concluded that it had long since been forgotten. So, with infinite labour, the whole thing had been copied in longhand, with the substitution of American names of persons and places for the originals.

As Mr. Harper points out, the majority of manuscripts are utterly lacking in literary merit. But now and then a book appears that must be rejected, despite real power, because its subject matter lies beyond the pale of what is justifiable in literature.

The most notable specimen of this class came in several years ago from a small Massachusetts manufacturing city, a "shoe town," as the natives call it. It was a most remarkable piece of literary workmanship; there was vital power in every line. But the subject! The story purported to be a narrative of the last week in the lives of two human derelicts — an immoral woman and a "black sheep" English younger son, who had met by chance at the edge of the abyss. That man could write! He himself must have been the "black sheep" to have plumbed as he did the utmost depths of despair and degradation. The pictures of horror were too terrible for a normal mind to gaze upon; one instinctively revolted at this glimpse into an actual hell. There was but one thing to do — to skim it over rapidly, and get the dreadful thing out of the place. But it was literature, and great literature, too. It was the kind of book that the devil himself might have written, and it came in the ordinary way by express from a dull and decorous New England town.

When, in 1888, Mr. Richard Harding Davis became the managing editor of *Harper's Weekly* he was annoyed by many jokers or envious persons who sent him pseudo-manuscripts or anonymous material. He had to be constantly on his guard. One of his experiences at the time he afterward used as the basis of a short story. The actual facts, as related by Mr. Harper, are as follows:

One day he received by mail a poem without any signature, which seemed to him rather familiar. He had the files of the *Century* carefully gone over, and, sure enough, the identical poem was found in an old number. The address on the envelope was quite peculiar, and every morning after arriving at the office Davis would first run over his mail with the hope of finding another envelope with the old chirographic address. Finally, after a patient examination of his letters for a number of days, the anxiously awaited missive lay in his hand. He immediately called up his friend Stephen Bonsal, who was then attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Herald*, and together they went over to Brooklyn to call on the would-be author. The letter took them to the goal so long sought, a handsome apartment house, and they promptly rang for admittance. The servant acknowledged that the gentleman for whom they inquired was at home, but desired them to wait in the anteroom until she could announce them. This being contrary to Davis's views, they abruptly pushed past her and entered the drawing-room unheralded, much to the surprise of the sole adult occupant, who sat reading, with his little boy playing on the floor by his side. Davis and Bonsal were curtly asked what they wanted, and in reply Davis requested that the boy should leave the room. This was thought quite unnecessary by the father, but was finally acceded to; then the indignant host insisted upon knowing the cause of their unceremonious intrusion. Davis went directly to the point of his visit by asking if the anonymous poem, which he thereupon produced, came from him. This being admitted, Davis informed the would-be plagiarist that he represented *Harper's Weekly*, that the poem had been copied from the *Century* magazine, and that the gentleman had made himself criminally liable. Just at this stage of the proceedings the heavy curtains parted, and a very attractive young woman, handsomely gowned for the street, stepped into the arena and, after looking to her husband for an introduction to the visitors and finding it not forthcoming, said that she was ready to go out. Her husband told her that she must excuse him, as he had very important business to transact with the gentlemen present, and she reluctantly retired. After she left, the literary kleptomaniac broke down, made a clean breast of it, and appealed

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for mercy. He said that he was a prosperous politician and contractor, had made considerable money, and, having married a society woman, was desirous of social recognition. After much consideration, he had concluded that successful authorship was as good and as simple a means as any; so he had copied the poem from an old magazine and sent it to Harper and Brothers for publication. He went on to say that exposure would ruin not only him but his wife and child, and begged for their clemency. Davis told him that he could not give an immediate reply, but that he would think it over and telephone him. On their way back to New York Davis and Bonsal were silent, and it was not until after they had ordered their luncheon at down-town Delmonico's that Davis turned to Bonsal and said: "I can't do it." "I had a few paragraphs in mind when we started over," remarked Bonsal, "and after I saw the swell surroundings and sized up the malefactor they grew to a column, and then to a real story; but when the wife put in an appearance, then I knew the jig was up and that there would be nothing doing."

The inordinate vanity and habit of rodomontade of the African explorer Paul Du Chaillu discredited his actual achievements. His statements about the gorillas and the country of the dwarfs were at first questioned by the English scientific authorities but eventually found full acceptance. But there was one statement for which he could never win British credence. In the Harper home in New York the Harper children would frequently amuse the explorer by shuffling their feet over the carpet and lighting the gas with their fingers from the electricity thus generated. Du Chaillu went to England and explained the experiment to some English people. They flatly refused to accept the tale, and invited an ocular demonstration. In London it was, of course, impossible owing to the dampness of the climate. So it was strongly intimated to Du Chaillu that it would be better for him to confine his yarns to remote Africa, and not to try to bring any such preposterous story from New York.

There has been so much apparent misunderstanding of our attitude toward the Dickens Stamp Fund that, before dismissing the subject for the present at least, we are going to sum up the whole matter at the risk of considerable repetition. We have received a number of letters expressing flat disapproval, a disapproval which we think due to the fact that the writers have not taken the trouble to consider our position fairly. For example, let us quote from a letter received the other day from a lady in Pittsburgh:

Dismissing the Subject

> We all know that whatever amount he (Dickens) actually received it was by no manner of means all that he earned—and whoever he actually received the five hundred thousand from it certainly was not from Americans. The United States even to-day insists upon inflicting a serious handicap on the foreign writer—in spite of the Berne Convention. But Uncle Sam has always enjoyed the well-deserved reputation of shameless literary piracy; and no man had better reason to know it than Charles Dickens, whose name is now being lauded to the skies in every debating club from Boston to San Francisco. The late W. S. Gilbert was another victim of Yankee enterprise; and it was his custom to allude tersely to the whole race as "damn thieves." It seems to me that we are being given a chance to show Europe that we are not always what they are, alas! usually only too well justified in thinking us.

Now the whole tone of this letter seems curiously inconsistent with the "we" and "us," which obviously imply that the writer is an American. But as a matter of fact most letters of protest against our attitude have been in this vein. There is an hysterical note, an apparent over-anxiety to confess ourselves miserable offenders.

Now, to begin with, we have not the slightest intention of defending this country in the matter of the copyright law, or rather of the lack of it. That was an outrageous injustice which cannot be too strongly condemned. But before dwelling on that phase of the matter let us take up the case of Charles Dickens and the American public. Our correspondent in her letter says that "whoever" he actually received the five hundred thousand from it certainly was

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not from the Americans. That statement is very far indeed from being literally true. If the lady in Pittsburgh will look into Mr. J. Henry Harper's *The House of Harper,* which is discussed at length in this department in the present issue, she will find that Dickens received from his accredited American publishers five thousand dollars for the advance proofs of *A Tale of Two Cities.* Furthermore, for everything that he wrote he was paid by these accredited American publishers as generously as was possible under the existing conditions. Yet in another way America yielded a very much larger material return. Dickens had abused the American people soundly and just a little peevishly upon his return to England after his first visit. Yet when he came to the United States again in 1868 he was greeted by a people, who, whatever their other faults may have been, certainly showed themselves magnanimously generous. For example, here are the results of the lecturing tour as they are recorded in Forster's *Life:*

> In New York, where there were five farewell nights, $3,298 were the receipts of the last, on the 20th of April; those of the last at Boston, on the 8th, having been $3,456. But, on earlier nights in the same cities respectively, these sums also had been reached; and indeed, making allowance for an exceptional night here and there, the receipts varied so wonderfully little, that a mention of the highest average returns from other places will give no exaggerated impression of the ordinary receipts throughout. Excluding fractions of dollars the lowest were New Bedford ($1,640), Rochester ($1,906), Springfield ($1,970), and Providence ($2,140). Albany and Worcester averaged something less than $2,400; while Hartford, Buffalo, Baltimore, Syracuse, New Haven, and Portland rose to $2,600. Washington's last night was $2,610, no night there having less than $2,500. Philadelphia exceeded Washington by $300, and Brooklyn went ahead of Philadelphia by $200. The amount taken at the four Brooklyn readings was $11,128.

Dickens was justly exasperated at the absence of a copyright law between England and the United States. He was quite as much annoyed at the English theatrical companies which seized upon his stories, mutilated them, and adapted them for stage presentation. Yet for this outrageous injustice we have not heard that any portion of the English people is wearing sackcloth and ashes and expressing abject penitence. Americans like our Pittsburgh correspondent seem to think that the absence of an international copyright law worked only in one direction. A great many thousands—a great many hundreds of thousands—of the works of J. Fenimore Cooper, of Washington Irving, of Edgar Allan Poe, of Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Henry W. Longfellow, and of a score of other Americans were published in England before the passage of the copyright law of 1892. Do Americans who are now so contritely deploring "American piracy" think that every single copy of these books meant a royalty paid to an American author by a British publisher? Has there been any perceptible movement on the part of the British public to raise a conscience fund for the direct lineal descendants of Washington Irving on account of the pleasure generations of English readers have derived from *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow?* (The fact that Washington Irving did not have any lineal descendants has, in the words of Pooh Bah, nothing to do with the case.) If the plight of the American author of Dickens's time in the English market deserves attention, his condition at home, owing to the non-existence of a copyright law, was infinitely worse. He was asked to compete on terms of the utmost inequality with Dickens's great genius and popularity, with the result that no American writer, no matter how brilliant his talent, could hope to make a fair living with his pen. Let Americans abuse the old conditions and be heartily ashamed of them. Let them reverence the memory of Charles Dickens and his immortal creations. But let them not forget that while Dickens was making his ten thousand pounds a year, Edgar Allan Poe was experiencing hunger and want in his Fordham cottage. If there is need of truckling and reparation, let it begin at home.

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Granville Barker

Mr. H. Granville Barker, whose recently published plays are reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a man of extraordinary energy and versatility of mind. Mr. Barker is at present only thirty-five years old; but in his various activities as actor, playwright, stage-director, and manager, he has already accomplished more for the English drama than any other one man among his contemporaries. Mr. Barker first appeared upon the stage when he was fourteen; and the earliest of his published plays, *The Marrying of Ann Leete,* was written when he was only twenty-two. For several years he was associated, as actor and stage-director, with the work of the Stage Society; and, in the course of this connection, he was particularly instrumental in setting the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw before the London public. He was the first leading actor to appear in *Candida, Captain Brassbound's Conversion, The Man of Destiny,* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession;* and the London vogue of the Shaw plays in the actual theatre is the result mainly of Mr. Barker's efforts. In 1904 Mr. Barker, in partnership with Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, assumed the management of the Court Theatre, in Sloane Square. This theatre is small in size and intimate in atmosphere; and during his tenancy of the theatre, Mr. Barker experimented continually with that new type of very intimate production which can be appreciated only in a little house. At the same time, Mr. Barker, in collaboration with the eminent critic Mr. William Archer, worked out in complete detail a practical plan for a national theatre. The schemes and estimates for this plan were codified as early as 1904, but were not published until 1907. At that time, the New Theatre, in New York, was in the process of development. In the spring of 1908, when the foundations for the edifice on Central Park West had already been laid, the Founders of the New Theatre invited both Mr. Barker and Mr. Archer to come to America and consult with them. Although no official statement was made to this effect, it is pretty generally known that it was the intention of the Founders to offer the directorship to Mr. Barker. At the close of a private dinner in a certain club whose membership is made up largely of men connected with the theatre, the plans for the monumental building were spread out upon the table; and Mr. Barker, after looking at them, said at once that the house was much too large for the production of the best contemporary plays. Mainly for this reason, he indicated his own unwillingness to take an active hand in the conduct of the project; and he sailed quietly back to England in a week or two. It is interesting to remark that the New Theatre subsequently failed because of the vital defect that Mr. Barker indicated; and that Mr. Winthrop Ames, who directed the New Theatre during the two years of its existence, has now built a Little Theatre of his own, in which it is apparently his intention to proceed along the path that Mr. Barker pointed out in his experiments at the Court Theatre.

The Story of Many Stories

"I'd always meant to be an illustrator," writes Mr. Louis Joseph Vance in telling the story of his life in a spirit of delicious and engaging candour. "It took some years to make me understand how poor I was. Meanwhile I studied more or less faithfully, and it was at the Art Student's League of New York that I met my wife—whose art survived marriage; she is a portrait painter. We were married in 1898; in 1900 my boy, our only child, was born. It was a very important event not only in my life but in the history of American Letters. No one appreciates that as much as I do. If it hadn't been for the responsibilities (a polite way of spelling debts) of fatherhood, it might never have occurred to me that people made money by writing stories. I began to try to write a year or so later. I sold my second short story (I had no bolder ambition then) to the McClure Syndicate for twenty-five dollars. The first one I ever wrote stuck round for about three years before I disposed of it. But that twenty-five dollars sealed my fate. It was something more than I was then earning per week as an

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employee of a big public-service corporation of this city. . . . Oh, well, I won't stick to earned, if you're mean enough to question it; at all events I *got* a weekly wage. . . . I worked from nine to five daily to keep on the pay-roll. My nights were consecrated to my Art. For three years I kept up a pretty steady routine of night work—writing—from eight P. M. to two A. M. in addition to keeping a strangle-hold on the daylight job. No; I didn't teach myself to write during that time; but I got the habit of work and the habit of concentration, and I wrote an awful lot of awful stuff; some of which I sold. I recall some dreadful short-stories and some juvenile stuff that somehow mysteriously found purchasers during that time. Presently I got the notion that it would be a grand young idea to write a novel. Some one told me that novels were one hundred thousand words in length, so I set myself to write one that long. I wrote quite mechanically fifteen hundred words a night. When finished the story was exactly one hundred thousand words long.

"By some accident I took it first to the Munsey Company. By some miracle they bought it for serial use in *Munsey's*. It was a dreadful story, too: I see much of the Munsey people now, and they publish practically everything I write, but we never refer to *Milady of the Mercenaries,* which was the title of the first story. I got five hundred dollars for the serial rights. It has never appeared in book form. I don't believe it ever will. Every publisher in the United States helped to convince me that the book rights weren't worth a pinch of salt. And they were, one and all, right. With what was left of the five hundred dollars after I had foolishly paid some debts, I gave up my salaried job and took to the tall timbers of Brooklyn—where rents are low. In the next half-year I earned in the sweat of my typewriter just sixty dollars. And I wrote in that time half a hundred short stories—all of them impossible. I don't know now just why they were impossible, because I sensibly destroyed them one day several years ago; but my impression is that I was suffering from a slight and quite unwarrantable attack of swelled-head: any man who had a serial running in *Munsey's* ought to be able to sell anything he wrote without half-trying, perhaps expresses my state of mind. Then Street and Smith started the *Popular Magazine.* Fortunately, I had become acquainted with the editor some few months prior to the publication of the first number of that magazine. He was desperately hard up for material and could afford to pay the lowest market prices only; but I cheerfully undertook to supply him—and succeeded. I kept on at that sort of work for two or three years. Well, the *Popular* prospered, and the editor was decent enough to give me some credit. Meanwhile I was beginning for the first time to get some inkling of the principles of construction and what we call style. Also I found out that the short story wasn't my métier. I did better with longer stuff. . . . In the ensuing six months I planned and wrote four novels for the Munsey Magazines. The first one was published in book form under the title of *The Brass Bowl,* the second *The Black Bag,* the third *The Bronze Bell;* the fourth was a story which has not yet appeared in book form. Of course I found things easier after *The Brass Bowl* came out as a book. I didn't have to work so hard; that is to say, I thought I didn't, at first; later I've discovered that it's harder to write to satisfy myself than it is to satisfy the public—and still harder to satisfy my wife, than either. I've learned a lot about writing since *The Brass Bowl* made a hit: but the biggest thing I've learned is how much more there is to learn. And I've accumulated a notion that, while my wings have been a long time a-growing, they're now strong enough for more ambitious flights than I've heretofore dared. My second book to follow *The Bandbox* is going to be such an attempt, and I don't believe it will fall down, because it isn't designed to be a novel of the George Moore school. It'll be realism, but another sort: a new kind, or else I flatter myself horribly. I've always been especially fond of the novel of romance and adventure; and if it happens to be a good one, I'm en-

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LYCKSÖKAREN

(THE FORTUNE HUNTER)

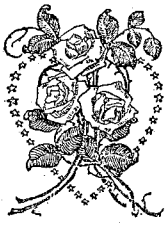
AV

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

REMYNDIGAD ÖVERSÄTTNING FRÅN ENGELSKA ORIGINALET

AV

ELLEN RYDING



STOCKHOLM
NORDISKA FÖRLAGET

TITLE PAGE OF THE SWEDISH EDITION OF MR. VANCE'S "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

thusiastic. Only, I've written a tremendous amount and, after all, a change of atmosphere is good for the soul.

"I work mostly at night because of the habit formed when I was otherwise employed by day. But sometimes, out of sheer perversity, I'll work by daylight, too. I use a typewriter—never a pen. My stories are usually plotted out to the last detail before they're written; but they have a habit of ignoring the first plan to such an extent that it is sometimes possible to use the same plot for two stories that don't resemble one another in the least when finished. For instance, *No Man's Land* and *Cynthia of the Minute* both grew from one root idea—and I still have the root idea unused! My wife is my constant critic—and there's no pleasing her. How she stands it, I don't know. I need a long time to get a story started: I made nearly forty drafts of the first chapters of *The Bandbox*. (No, it doesn't seem worth it, does it? But thank you for speaking so frankly.) But once satisfied with the opening, I work pretty steadily and rapidly, usually finishing up in less than two months a story of average length—one hundred thousand words or so. I have written one section only of serious verse. It was printed in *Harper's Weekly* some years ago. I never tried it on again. I have written one short one-act melodrama. Based on a short story of mine, it took me just one night to cast it in dramatic form. It was placed immediately and played steadily on the vaudeville circuits for nearly two years—and unsteadily for some time afterward. I never felt called on to try another."

Mr. Rideing's Recollections

Another entertaining volume of literary reminiscences is Mr. William H. Rideing's *Many Celebrities and a Few Others*, several chapters of which we have had the pleasure of printing in the BOOKMAN. Mr. Rideing first knew literary New York in the seventies, that curious transitory period when the *Ledger* was a power, and Mr. Bonner would reject the story of an ambitious author because it contained a marriage between cousins. "But, Mr. Bonner, cousins marry in real life." "In real life, yes, but not in the New York *Ledger*." In that literary New York to which Mr. Rideing introduces us we see Dr. Holland, "a tall, distinguished, magisterial man of as much suavity as dignity, who took a parental interest in all the young people he met"; Richard Watson Gilder, "a young fellow, eager, slight, nervous"; Henry Mills Alden sitting in the editorial chair of Harpers—the grey head was not so grey then, but there must have been the same kindly courtesy that has endured through all the years; William Cullen Bryant, "diminutive, erect, keen-eyed, and buoyant, with a streaming white beard, the picture of Father Time himself";—in a word, the whole procession to be met of an afternoon on Broadway between Twenty-third Street and the City Hall. It is true that many of the celebrities of that day have been entirely forgotten. But hardly as many as Mr. Rideing thinks.

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WILLIAM H. RIDEING IN THE GARDEN OF HIS ENGLISH HOME

"If I were to mention some of the celebrities," he says, "it is probable that their names will be meaningless and the reason of their distinction unperceived by readers under fifty. Who were the Cary sisters? I may be asked. Who were Richard Henry Stoddard, Arthur Quartley, Swain Gifford, F. E. Church, Walter Shirlaw, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edgar Fawcett, Albert Falvey Webster, William Henry Bishop, and Frederick Dielman? Only a few like Stedman, Winslow Homer, Thomas Moran, and E. A. Abbey are recalled without a dip into reference books." We are inclined to believe that Mr. Rideing has underestimated the younger generation.

One of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Rideing's book is that which deals with Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Rideing first met him in Oscar's, opposite the old Academy of Design, a kind of New York "Cider Cellar" or "Back Kitchen" of thirty-five years ago. "I can see him now, sitting at the round table at Oscar's, holding a briar pipe that was oftener between his fingers than in his mouth, and swinging it in graphic curves as he talked to us. He used it like a painter's brush or pencil."

He was dressed in a quiet suit of tweeds, the sobriety of which was relieved by a flowing crimson scarf gathered at the neck by an antique ring. He was partial to crimson in those days, and it became his complexion and the light curls apostrophised by Bayard Taylor. We parted late and in a merry mood, the young fellows among us glorying in the new friend who was so witty, so suave, and so attentive to our ambitions and aspirations. Moreover, Aldrich had just succeeded to the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and hopes arose of possible advantages lying for young authors in that direction.

"I'll have an elegy ready for him before breakfast, and try to get ahead of Edgar," said Frank Saltus, referring to Edgar Fawcett, as the lights went out in Oscar's and we dispersed; and on the following morning he came to me, dissembling an air of despondence.

"It's no use. Edgar's beaten us all. He shipped a carload to the *Atlantic* by the fast freight before daylight — as per invoice, sonnets, ten bales; triolets, ballads, and rondeaux, three bales; novels and short stories, twenty tons in fifteen crates."

Some of the contributions Aldrich accepted; but not by any means the consignment. Aldrich never hesitated in rejecting what he did not want, and he took no pains to sugar-coat the pill of rejection. When he returned anything written by Edgar Saltus the latter char-

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WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR., THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN VASE"

One of Mr. Castle's duties as Assistant Dean of Harvard University is to travel widely over the country, making speeches at Harvard Club dinners and visiting Preparatory Schools and High Schools in various parts of the country, with a view of keeping them in touch with Harvard University. It was during these travels that "The Green Vase" was written. Mr. Castle is one of those fortunate persons who can work at any time and in any place and this, his first novel, was written on trolley cars and railroad trains. With pencil and pad he worked out the story, chapter by chapter, while travelling from his summer home at Marblehead to his summer work at Harvard Square, and while journeying back and forth among the following cities: Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, Worcester, New Haven, Pittsfield, Springfield (Mass.), Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Tucson, New Orleans, Sewanee University, Newark, and many other places.

acteristically insisted on reason. He got them and flew into a temper. An inflammatory letter from him left Aldrich undisturbed. He smiled at it but never answered it.

I remember another of that coterie, a very young author indeed. He acquired daintiness and polish at the sacrifice of force and originality. He was confident of a story into which he thought he had put his best, and was bewildered when Aldrich handed it back to him.

"Isn't it well written?" he asked.

"Very well written."

"I thought you would like some of the touches in it."

"There are beautiful things in it."

"Then, what's the matter with it?"

"It isn't interesting."

That was all Aldrich said, and the author took it as irrevocable. Aldrich did not even say he was sorry, but perhaps it was to show his sympathy that he invited the disappointed young man to lunch with him. Luncheon did not lighten the gloom of the guest, and before they parted, Aldrich, hesitating as he approached the subject and almost stammering, said, "Is there any trouble — anything the matter—besides that story? Because if you are—hard up, you know, I — I can let you have a little money."

A "best selling" novelist of yesterday who has been comparatively forgotten is James Payn. Thirty years ago his novels made a gaudy display on every railway bookstall in England, and were familiar in all the English colonies and in America. One of them, *Lost Sir Massingbird*, had an extraordinary vogue, which put Payn on a footing not far behind that of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon. It was originally printed serially in a weekly, and it sent the circulation of the periodical up by leaps and bounds, by thousands of copies. The missing baronet eluded the reader provokingly until the author chose to reveal him. That book established Payn as a money-maker. But in the estimation of Mr. Rideing, he was more than a knitter of plots. "He had a fluid and limpid style, akin to that of Mr. Howells, as airily natural, if less subtle, and, instead of the gravity of Wilkie Collins, who was as ponderous as a judge on the bench, he had an abounding and permeating humour which was always peeping out and slyly laughing around the corner. Perhaps he laughed in his sleeve at his own melodrama, though he resented all criticism that imputed a lack of painstaking in his work."

The Impossible Hugo

In contemplating the personal side of Victor Hugo we are so constantly being astonished by the manifestations of his colossal egotism that we reach the point when, for the moment, we forget entirely the really im-

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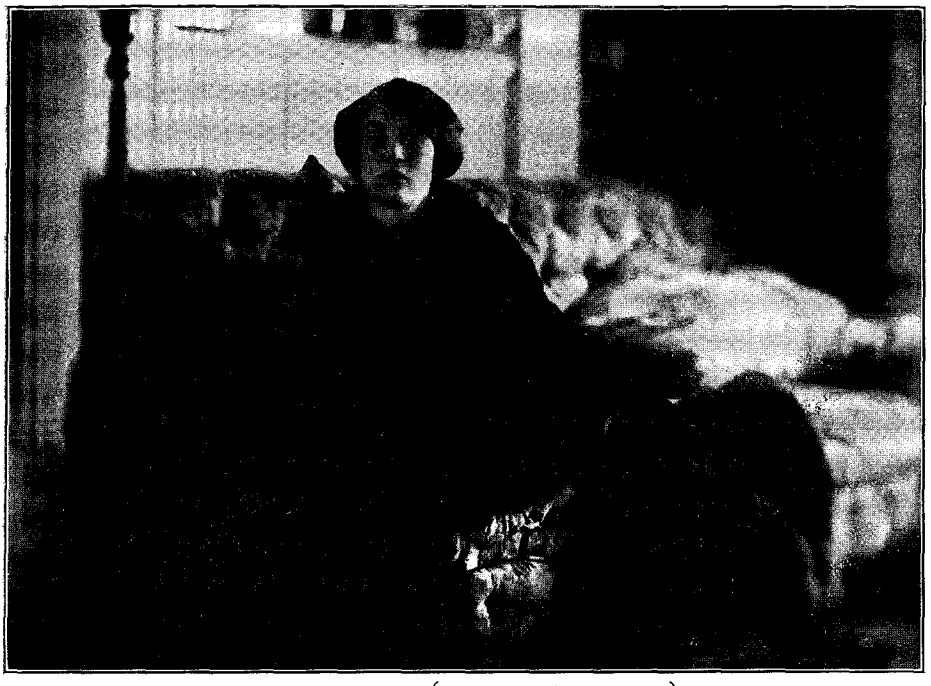

ANNE WARWICK (MRS. WILLIAM NEWLIN)

Anne Warwick's second novel, "The Unknown Woman," has just been published. Her first novel, "Compensation," appeared last year. Anne Warwick is the daughter of Bishop Earl Cranston of Washington, D. C., but spends most of her time in Paris. She makes an annual trip to this country to visit friends and relatives.

portant fact that he was, after all, a great man. Hugo acquiescing gravely in the suggestion that the city of Paris should be renamed after him; Hugo solemnly proposing that the war of 1870 be settled by a personal conflict between the King of Prussia and himself—"he is the King, but I am Victor Hugo"—in this amazing figure one loses sight of the genius which produced *Les Miserables* and *La Légende des Siècles*. In his *Life of Victor Hugo*, which has just been published in London, Mr. Davidson, whose book on the elder Dumas we discussed some time ago, tells one anecdote which we think quite new to American readers. Hugo, despite all the years he lived on British territory, the years of his exile in Jersey and Guernsey, did not speak a word of English. One day, in a railway train, he happened to find himself in the company of two English women who spoke French. In the course of talk they observed that it must be inconvenient for him not to know English when he was in England. To which the great man's reply was: "When England wants to talk to me, she will learn my language." "From their astonishment at this answer," said Hugo in telling the story, "it was evident that *they did not know who I was.*"

When Hugo was in Brussels in 1868 he made some researches concerning the English aristocracy; hence a rumour that he was about to write a history of England. As a matter of fact he was engaged on *L'homme Qui Rit*, translated as *By Order of the King*, which appeared in 1869. Hugo wrote to his publisher objecting to the book being advertised as an "historical romance." "It is," he explains, "a true picture of England painted by means of invented characters." Among these "invented characters" in this triumph of verisimilitude may be mentioned Lord Tom Jim-Jack, Goricum, and Bazkilphedro.

Before 1860, Hugo's income, while comfortable, was not large. But the publication of *Les Miserables* in 1862 brought him large financial returns. By arrangement with his publisher La Croix,

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DOROTHY CANFIELD

Dorothy Canfield, the author of "The Squirrel Cage," is in private life Mrs. John R. Fisher. Her father, the late Dr. James M. Canfield, was for many years the librarian of Columbia University—which naturally turned the daughter's taste toward books. Mrs. Fisher has had a number of contributions in the best magazines. She is at present making a tour in Italy.

the romance was to be produced in ten volumes by instalments, and was to appear simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, Leipsig, London, Milan, Madrid, Pesth, and Rotterdam. The first portion, *Fantine*, was published April 3, 1862. Success was instantaneous and far reaching. Over the camp-fires of the Union and the Confederacy soldiers were discussing Bishop Myriel and Jean Valjean, Cosette and Marius, Javert and Gavroche. In a letter written in the autumn of 1862 Hugo said, "My fortune, almost destroyed by the *Coup d'Etat*, has been somewhat repaired by *Les Miserables*." During the rest of his life the money was always rolling in; prudently invested in British, Belgium, and Dutch securities. He was at times charged with avarice, and, in explaining, characteristically misrepresented.

In a letter of 1868 (to a newspaper called *Le Phare de la Loire*) Hugo, indignant at some overstatement of his income, gives the following details: "I have (1) from shares in the Banque Nationale of Belgium, 35,000 francs; (2) from British Consols, 12,500 francs; (3) from my salary as a Member of the Institute, 1,000 francs; total, 48,500 francs. Out of this I pay by family arrangements 29,500 francs, and I give every year in charities 7,000 francs. Thus my present income is 12,000 francs." In spite of its display of frankness, this letter tells us very little. To begin with, it applies only to money already invested at the time, without taking account of what was constantly coming in and available either for use or for further investment. And then, what are "family arrangements"? Do they include all household expenses? And what are "charities"? Do they cover subscriptions for any public purpose? If so, Hugo—other expenses paid—would have £500 a year of pocket-money.

When Kipling Was Hungry

Had Mr. Kipling turned his attention to commerce instead of literature, perhaps he might now be retained by some merchant millionaire as a writer of advertisements, at a colossal salary. After the siege of Kimberley he was staying with Mr. Rhodes at a charming little fruit farm near that town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll round the orchards for a little while before breakfast. As Mr. Kipling did not feel like walking he stayed behind. Time went on and the idea came to the author that breakfast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes, as was usual

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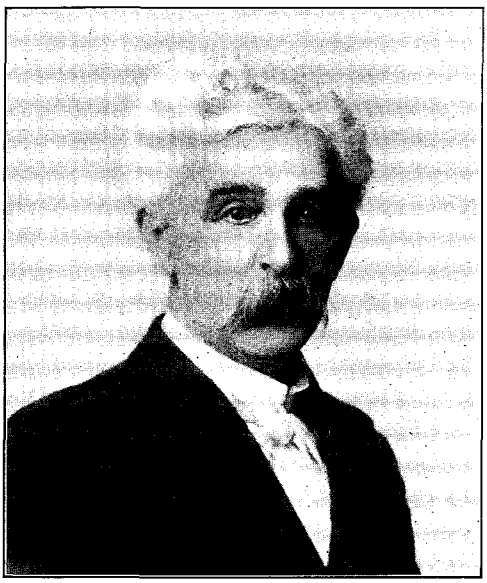

JAMES OTIS KALER

James Otis Kaler, known to every boy as the author of "Toby Tyler," is another interesting case of a man who has come back. A few months ago he published "Old Ben," a sequel—after thirty-two years—to Toby's circus adventures; and a few weeks ago he issued from his retreat in Portland, Maine, to take his place again among his old friends at the Howells birthday dinner in New York. Mr. Kaler, as he is known in real life, is superintendent of schools in South Portland.

with him, had become so interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passing hours, and it was nearly ten before he remembered his starving guest, and hurried homewards.

"What's this, sir?" said the manager, suddenly pausing before a tree.

Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper bearing in large black letters: "Famine!" The next tree was also decorated: "We are starving; feed us." Nearer the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words in huge type: "For the human race. Breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?"

The Code of Slang

In one of the O. Henry stories that were eventually incorporated into *Cabbages and Kings*, an American living in the capital of a Central American republic wishes to convey to another American at the sea coast the information that the President of the Republic has fled by mountain roads toward the sea, taking with him all the available funds in the State treasury and a comic opera singer to whom he had been paying marked attention. Secrecy is necessary, either Spanish or English would be read by the officials, so the sender of the message resorts, with perfect security, to the cogent code of slang. His telegram begins:

His Nibs skeedadled to-day per jack-rabbit route for the briny with all the coin in the kitty and the bunch of muslin he's spoony about.

Six or seven weeks ago two Americans were in a London literary club and the talk turned to codes and ciphers. One of the Americans maintained that he could translate any message into a form that would completely baffle any English-

ELEANOR ATKINSON

Eleanor Atkinson, whose book "Greyfriars Bobby" has just been published, in her private life is Mrs. Francis Blake Atkinson of Chicago, where she lives with her husband and two daughters. She was a special writer on one of the Chicago dailies before her marriage, and well known under the pen name of Nora Marks. Those who have grown to know the real little Bobby, whose biography Mrs. Atkinson has written, may be interested to learn that his collar, inscribed "from the Lord Provost," is still preserved in the caretaker's lodge at Greyfriars.

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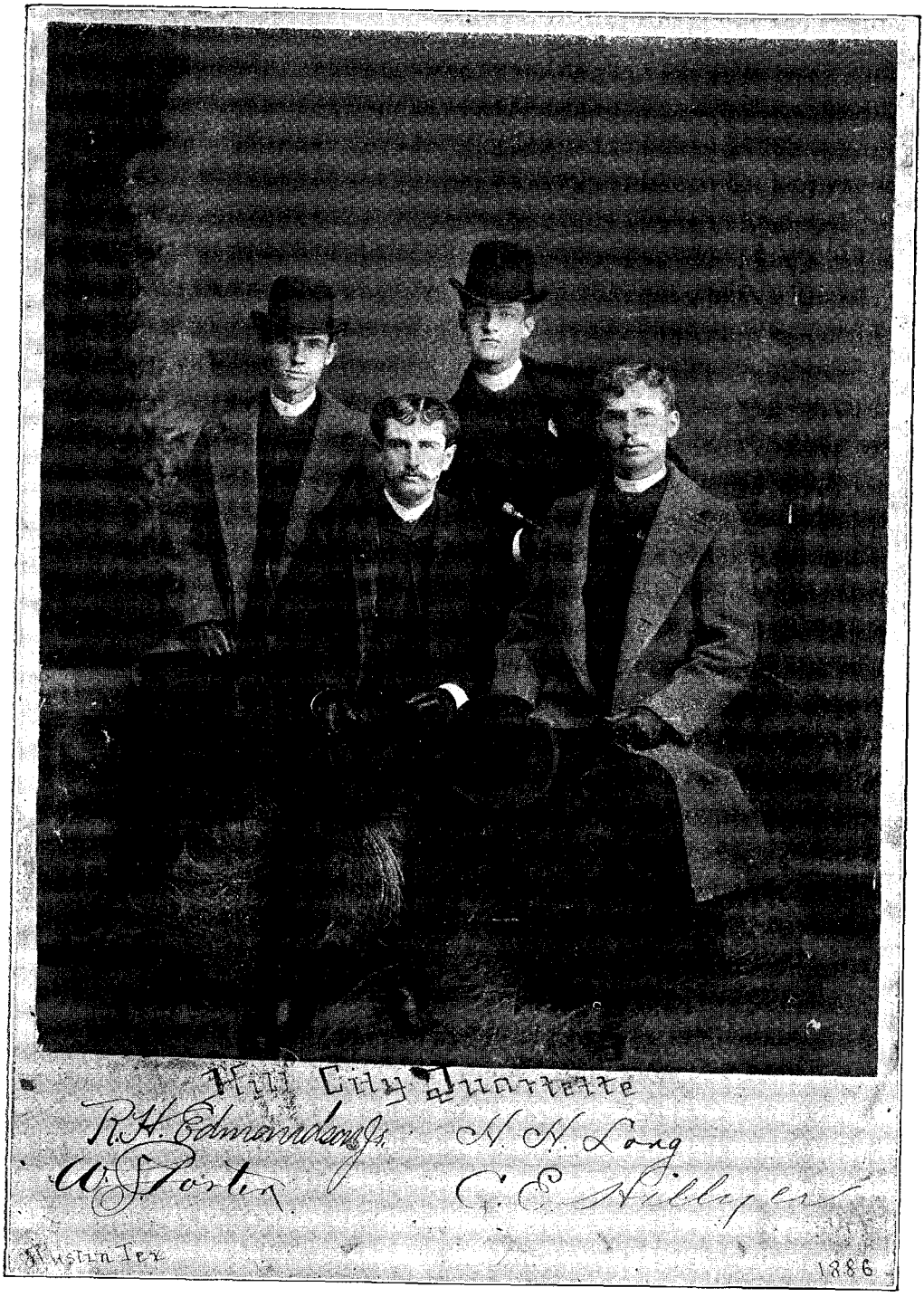

O. HENRY IN ANOTHER ROLE. THE LATE SIDNEY PORTER WAS A MAN OF MANY VARIED ACTIVITIES. HE WAS IN TURN DRUG CLERK, COWBOY, BANK CLERK, NEWSPAPER REPORTER, PRINTER, MINER, POSTMASTER, AND GENTLEMAN AT LARGE. THE ACCOMPANYING PICTURE, TAKEN IN 1886, WHEN HE WAS IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES, SHOWS HIM AS A MEMBER OF THE HILL CITY QUARTETTE, OF HILL CITY, TEXAS.

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man present and yet could be correctly interpreted by the other American. The talk led to a demonstration. The first American and one of the Englishmen went into an adjoining room. The Englishman wrote down a message purporting to be from the German capital to the German Embassy in London. The American drew upon the vernacular of American baseball and football for the following:

Full buzzer system in Honus Wagner's own John Hancock calling for immediate advance of the ball over the drink by the forward pass swiped by squab from coaches quarters. Mulberry Strasse has gone to bat but has whiffed on three pitched balls. Squab is believed to be travelling through minor league territory. If she pulls off a Sam White they will be asking waivers on our scouts at the goal posts and in that dear White Way and there will be a double header scheduled. In this inning we can't count on Wops as pinch hitters.

After the message had been handed about the room to the utter bewilderment of the Englishmen it was turned over to the American, who quickly offered the following translation:

Complete set of plans bearing the Emperor's own signature calling for immediate attack on England by airships, stolen by young woman from the War Office. The German Police have tried but accomplished nothing. The young woman is thought to be crossing from Holland or Belgium. If she succeeds in reaching her destination quickly our ambassadors in London and Paris will be handed their papers, and war will be on with two countries. At the present time we can expect no help from Italy.

A Correction

In the BOOKMAN for March there appeared a paragraph about the forthcoming stage version of Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women,* in which the dramatisation was attributed to Miss Jessie Bonstelle (Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Stuart). We have received several letters calling attention to the fact that in this statement we were in error, and Mrs. Stuart herself has given these letters verbal endorsement. The dramatisation is the work of Miss Marion De Forest of the Buffalo *Express,* to whom we extend our best wishes for the success of the play.

For the Cause

We hasten to disclaim any intention of taking sides in the great controversy, and print the following merely because it seems amusing. In London a few weeks ago we saw a very comely young woman walking across Trafalgar Square wearing a placard on which was printed this delicate hint:

WHY?
PAY PLATE GLASS INSURANCE
WHEN
YOU CAN ADVERTISE IN
VOTES FOR WOMEN

The Literary Maps

Last month we announced that the conditions of the Literary Map Competition would be printed in our April issue. It has been found necessary, however, to postpone this announcement until the May number.

"The Boule Cabinet"

In one of the stories of Mr. Richard Harding Davis there was introduced the character of a famous English statesman with an abnormal love of tales of mystery. His political opponents were always looking for the right kind of a thriller to thrust into his hands early in the evening of a great debate in the House, for if the story happened to be good enough the chances were that the statesman, in his enthusiasm, would entirely forget the more serious business of the night. Three or four years ago, had the other Party asked our advice and enlisted our sympathies, we should have suggested Mr. Tyler de Saix's *The Man Without a Head* or M. Gaston Leroux's *The Mystery of the Yellow Room.* Two years ago our choice would have been Mr. Cleveland Moffett's *Through the Wall.* At the present writing we should recommend with considerable assurance Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson's *The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet.*

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LADY RITCHIE AND HER GRANDCHILDREN

LADY THACKERAY RITCHIE

BY LEWIS MELVILLE

APART from all other considerations, concerning which I shall presently have something to say, Lady Ritchie has, as daughter of Thackeray, a boundless claim upon our regard, nay, upon our affection. Even when speaking of the novelist in connection with his family, it would be affectation to write Mr. Thackeray: as well talk of Mr. Henry Fielding, and say His Worship wrote a story called *Tom Jones*. Thackeray has taken his place in our hearts, not only as a writer, but as a man. We love the man, and such is his fascination that we cannot but love, even though we may never have seen them, those whom he loved. One of those "little girls" of his, to whom he was so devoted, has gone from us, and so Lady Ritchie has the double portion of the world's regard as the sole surviving daughter of him who was so much honoured in his lifetime, and whose memory it is our privilege, as it is our pleasure and our duty, to admire and respect to-day. To those versed in his works and in the story of his life, so admirably narrated in a series of Biographical Introductions by Lady Ritchie, there is always a touch of pathos when, at the occasional dinners of the Titmarsh Club, founded in his honour, the company, members and guests alike, rise, at the bidding of the chairman of the evening, to drink in silence to "The Immortal Memory of William Makepeace Thackeray."

"My father lived in good company, so that even as children we must have seen a good many poets and remarkable people, though we were not always conscious of our privileges," Lady Ritchie

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has written in one of the three volumes from which we may glean some autobiographical material.* One of her earliest memories was the second funeral of Napoleon, her vague recollection of which she recorded in her happiest vein:

I began life at four or five years old as a fervent Napoleonist. The great Emperor had not been dead a quarter of a century when I was a little child. He was certainly alive in the hearts of the French people and of the children growing up among them. Influenced by the cook, we adored his memory, and the *concierge* had a clock with a laurel wreath which for some reason kindled all our enthusiasm.

As a baby, holding my father's finger, I had stared at the second funeral of Napoleon sweeping up the great roadway of the Champs Elysées. The ground was white with new fallen snow, and I had never seen snow before; it seemed to me to be a part of the funeral; a mighty pall indeed, spread for the obsequies of so great a warrior. It was the snow I thought about, though I looked with awe at the black and glittering carriages which came up like ships sailing past us, noiselessly one by one. They frightened me, for I thought there was a dead emperor in each. This weird procession gave a strange importance to the memory of the great Emperor, and also to the little marble statuette of him on the nursery chimney-piece. It stood with folded arms contemplating the decadence of France, black and silent and reproachful.

Lady Ritchie remembers seeing the Iron Duke in the street, and being told a story by Lord Palmerston. At a very early age she was taken to Chopin's room and heard him play a piece he had just composed; Louis Philippe was pointed out to her at Paris; and with Leigh Hunt and Trelawny she could boast acquaintance, as well as with that inimitable Victorian buck, D'Orsay. Rogers she found one day when she went with her father to Mrs. Procter's—"he was like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face. His expression never changed." As a child she was frequently at Dickens's house, and she has recorded a very pretty incident that occurred at one of the parties there at which she was present:

Only this much I do remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped and danced again; and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and, as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent and important every minute, as the evening went on, and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded and the broad staircase was lined with little boys — thousands of little boys whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others; then came a third final ringing cheer, and some one went up to him—it was Mr. Dickens himself — who laughed and said quietly: "That is for you!" and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles and nodded gravely to the little boys.

Lady Ritchie, of course, knew all the members of her father's set, the Carlyles, Lord Houghton, the Theodore Martins, the Brookfields, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Sartoris, Landseer, Watts, Millais, Cattermole, Leslie, Ruskin, the Tennysons, the Brownings, "dear old Fitz," and how many more? She has given to the world some "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning," and in this book there is an excellent picture of Mrs. Browning:

To the writer's own particular taste there will never be any more delightful person than the simple-minded woman of the world, who has seen enough to know what its praise is all worth, who is sure enough of her position to take it for granted, who is interested in the person she is talking to, and unconscious of anything but a wish to give kindness and attention. This is the impression Mrs. Browning made on me from the first moment I ever saw her to the last. Alas! the moments were not so very many when we were together. Perhaps all the more vivid is the recollection of the peaceful home, of the fireside where the logs are burning, while the lady of that kind hearth is established in her safe corner, with

*Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. Macmillan, 1892. Chapters from some Memoirs. Macmillan, 1894. Blackstick Papers. Smith, Elder and Company, 1908.

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her little boy curled up by her side, the door opening and shutting meanwhile to the quick step of the master of the house, to the life of the world without as it came to find her in her quiet nook. The house seemed to my sister and to me warmer, more full of interest and peace in her sitting-room than elsewhere. Whether at Florence, at Rome, at Paris, or in London once more, she seemed to carry her own atmosphere always, something serious, motherly, absolutely artless, and yet impassioned, noble, and sincere. I can recall the slight figure in its thin black dress, the writing apparatus by the sofa, the tiny ink-

THE FUTURE LADY RITCHIE AND HER YOUNGER SISTER
A sketch by Thackeray for "Punch."

stand, the quill-nibbed pen — the unpretentious implements of her magic. "She was a little woman; she liked little things," Mr. Browning used to say. Her miniature editions of the classics are still carefully preserved with her name written in each in her delicate, sensitive handwriting, and always with her husband's name above her own, for she dedicated all her books to him; it was a fancy that she had. Nor must his presence in the home be forgotten any more than in the books — the spirited domination and inspired commonsense, which seemed to give a certain life to her vaguer visions. But of those visions Mrs. Browning rarely spoke; she was too simple and practical to indulge in many apostrophes.

Has any one given a better insight into the poet's character in fewer words?

Leech was a friend of the novelist, and Lady Ritchie remembers how one day she met her father in the Kensington Road, walking toward Palace Green, carrying two blue Dutch pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken from his own study. "I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece," he told her; and somewhat to the girl's disappointment, for Thackeray was always giving away his china, a satisfactory place was found for them in Leech's house. Most amusing of all Lady Ritchie's recollections is that concerned with the great occasion when Charlotte Brontë went to dine at Young Street. It was an interesting gathering —Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Crowe, the Carlyles, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Procter and her daughter. The dinner was very dull, the guests rarely spoke, the host became more and more depressed, until, when the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, Thackeray slipped away to the club, leaving the party to disperse when and how it would.

At least as interesting as anything Lady Ritchie has given us, are her recollections of her father. Her introductions to the Centenary Biographical edition of Thackeray's Works are very valuable, and contain many of his hitherto unpublished letters and drawings, and no student of Thackeray can complete his education without these twenty-six volumes. But even more intimate are the few references to Thackeray in the "Chapters from Some Memoirs." Shall we ever have the complete memoirs? we feel impelled to ask, hoping that the question may some day not far off be answered in the affirmative. We like to read of the travels of Thackeray with his daughter; of their stay at Berne in the summer of 1853, when walking with them in some woods he strayed from them, and, returning, told them how the story of *The Newcomes* had been revealed to him; of the visit in their company to Weimar—the Pumpernickel of *Vanity Fair,* where the great man had studied as a youth, had learned German, had been received by "grand old Goethe," and had fallen in love with the beautiful Amalia von X—which last incident has duly been recorded by the Titmarshian autobiographer, George Savage Fitz-Boodle — happy months before the shadows of the sadness of life had fallen

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on the novelist. On that later visit Thackeray was pleased to find that some of the sketches he had made for children so many years earlier had been preserved and treasured, and delighted to meet in the street his old tutor, Dr. Weissenborne and to find himself remembered by Madame von Goethe. He pointed out to his girls the house where Amalia had lived, and at Venice, a year or so later, actually saw the lady again:

We were breakfasting (Lady Ritchie has written) at a long table where a fat lady also sat a little way off, with a pale fat little boy beside her. She was stout, she was dressed in light green, she was silent, she was eating an egg. The *sala* of the great marble hall was shaded from the blaze of sunshine, but stray gleams shot across the dim hall, falling on the palms and the orange trees beyond the lady, who gravely shifted her place as the sunlight dazzled her. Our own meal was also spread, and my sister and I were only waiting for my father to begin. He came in presently saying he had been looking at the guest-book in the outer hall, and he had seen a name which interested him very much. "Frau von Z., geboren von X. It must be Amalia! She must be *here*—in the hotel!" he said; and as he spoke he asked a waiter whether Madame von Z. was still in the hotel. "I believe that is Madame von Z.," said the waiter, pointing to the fat lady. The lady looked up, and then went on with her egg, and my poor father turned away, saying in a low, overwhelmed voice, "*That* Amalia! That cannot be Amalia." I could not understand his silence, his discomposure. "Aren't you going to speak to her? Oh, please do go and speak to her!" we both cried. "Do make sure if it is Amalia." But he shook his head. "I can't," he said; "I had rather not." Amalia meanwhile having finished her egg, rose deliberately, put down her napkin and walked away, followed by her little boy. . . .

We have graphic pictures of Thackeray driving with his mother and daughters to deliver his first lecture on "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," very nervous and making little jokes to reassure the dear ones accompanying him; of how he began in a voice that sounded strange to those who knew him, and how he soon got into his stride and spoke in the familiar tones; of how presently a "proud and happy look of light and relief" came into his mother's eyes; of how the people crowded round to congratulate him; and of the return home when, the lecture delivered and the success assured, the nervousness had given place to happiness—"Jackson made the horses gallop, and my father laughed and made real jokes,

THACKERAY AND THE FUTURE LADY RITCHIE
A sketch made by Thackeray about 1840.

without any effort, and we laughed and enjoyed every jolt and turning, on the way home." We read of Thackeray's trips to America to read *The English Humourists* and *The Four Georges,* and the sad hearts he left behind him. Perhaps the best passage in all Lady Ritchie's book is that in which she describes her father's return from his first visit to the United States.

I can still remember sitting with my grandparents expecting his return. My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we had calculated that he might arrive came a little ring at the front door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood until a second and much louder ringing brought us to our senses. "Why didn't you open the door?" said my father stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all.

Fashions in fiction change as in lace and lingerie. What is food for one gen-

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eration is poison to another. An author admired in one decade is unread in the next, and forgotten in the third—unless he is a supreme master of his craft, when he will certainly be remembered and almost as certainly not read beyond the circle of the cultured. In an age when Lever is entirely neglected, Lytton pronounced fustian, Disraeli unopened, Trollope voted dull, and Thackeray himself more discussed than perused, it may be that Lady Ritchie's audience, though fit, is small in numbers. Yet as there are still some who turn with pleasure to the Victorian writers, finding in them a certain breadth not discernible in the work of most novelists of to-day, so many, no doubt still take down from the shelf *Old Kensington* and its companion volumes,* and re-read the stories with appreciation. The Miss Thackeray of the novels, as she was known in the 'Seventies, has many merits. She writes simply indeed, but well; and her style is worthy of high praise. Sometimes, indeed, we come across a passage that suggests the influence of her father's writings:

> As I write out what my father's hand has written, my gossip is hushed, and seems to me like the lamp-smoke in the old drawing-room compared to the light of the summer's night in the street outside.

There we hear the cadences of the author of *Denis Duval*, whose voice may also be distinguished in an occasional aside:

> "If George Vanborough were only more like his own brothers, there would be something to be done with him," thought honest John, as those young gentlemen's bullet-heads passed the window where the pupil and his preceptor were at work. If only—there would be a strange monotony, I fancy, if all the "if onlys" could be realised, and we had the moulding of one another, and pastors and masters could turn assenting pupils out by the gross like the little chalk rabbits Italian boys carry about for sale.

Yet one more example of Lady Ritchie's style must be allowed—the description from *Old Kensington* of the parish church:

> Last year only, the old church was standing, in its iron cage, at the junction of the thoroughfares. . . . There was the old painting of the lion, and the unicorn hanging over the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after life the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes.
>
> Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of the tears as they fell—old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of the prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present—of distances immeasurable—of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope perhaps of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities—how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers! For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence:
>
> Prepare your glad voices;
> Let Hisrael rejoice,
>
> sang the little charity children; poor, little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woollen knots to their fustian caps rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Lady Ritchie, however, is no mere imitator of that gifted novelist, in spite of these accidental resemblances. With

*Miss Thackeray's Works. Uniform Editions. 10 vols. 6s. each. Smith, Elder and Company (1) Old Kensington. (2) The Village on the Cliff. (3) Five Old Friends and a Young Prince. (4) To Esther, and Other Sketches. (5) Bluebeard's Keys, and Other Stories. (6) The Story of Elizabeth; Two Hours; From an Island. (7) Toilers and Spinsters, and Other Essays. (8) Miss Angel; Fulham Lawn. (9) Miss Williamson's Divagations. (10) Mrs. Dymond.

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William Allingham, she has said to herself:

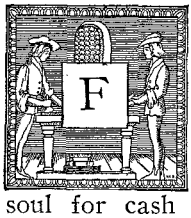
> Like myself, however small,
> Like myself, or not at all,

and she has retained through all her works the individuality that happily is hers. If she is not strikingly virile, at least her power of character-drawing is undeniable. She has the rare power of being able to create atmosphere; she has, in a marked degree, the great indefinable gift of a sweet, gentle, loving charm.

MILLIONS AND MILLIONAIRES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS. PART I



ROM the time that Homer, singing, estimated a man's value or a woman's equivalent in terms of oxen to the day that William Allen White let John Barclay lose his soul for cash wrung from a famine-stricken people as he sold them their own want, the glow of gold and its lure have irradiated the path of the story-teller, providing both plot and colour. Pallas's ægis had one hundred tassels, each the value of one hundred oxen; one of the Homeric heroes gave four oxen for a female slave, and incidentally the worryful economists tell us that one Greek ox was the equal of one Greek gold talent. The Hebrew story-tellers of the Hebrew Bible revelled in uncomputable wealth; witness the details of the Tabernacle, and the domestic economies of Solomon's household. Again the economists interfere with that Hebraic romance to tell us that Solomon's yearly income of six hundred and sixty-six talents gave him all in all a sum close to twenty million dollars in our terminology, and considering what the day's wage of a labourer of Solomon's day probably was—a Roman labourer a few centuries later got about fifteen cents a day—Solomon's twenty millions had much more purchasing power than any millionaire's twenty millions to-day. And if the Queen of Sheba had not outdone Solomon in extravagance, is it hardly likely that her fame would have survived her reign?

Rich men and women are conspicuous in any society; that is why Crœsus and Sardanapalus, the Pharaohs and Cleopatra, and the malignant Roman emperors so persistently endure, because of the appeal of their superlative wealth to the imaginations of successive peoples.

Sometimes love, sometimes hate, but always wealth figures in the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights. Translated from the Indian through the Persian into Arabic, the collection of stories mingles the traditions and racial secrets of all these races, and before the Arabian Nights' Tales the exact economists stand helpless. To estimate Aladdin's wealth by the jewels in his windows and the literal gold bricks in his palace is futile, for what matters the purchasing power of any coin he owned when his djinn continually upset the gold standards of the world whenever the magic lamp was rubbed? Words fail the tellers of these early tales, and they resort to the *reductio ad absurdam* method to prove the wealth of their heroes, as when the wife of Ali Baba carelessly left a gold piece adhering to the suet-smeared measure in which she calculated by pecks the wealth of her husband. From the story of Hahib and Doratil-Goase, we get as vivid a picture of the great Solomon as the Hebrew romancer gives us, and the treasures of the king, on the highest peak of the Caucasus Mountains to which the hero must attain only through prodigious feats of courage, are superlative. The keys are of gold, attached to each other

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by chains of diamonds, and the amassed gold and silver and gems cannot be described.

Rider Haggard, in *King Solomon's Mines,* uses the Arabian Nights conception of this undiscovered treasure, and carries his modern Englishmen through trials unnumbered until they do finally attain the hidden caverns. They do not penetrate far, because, owing to the treachery of that sublime old hag who was hand in hand with the priests of the land, they face death, cut off from the world forever. There is a subterranean path of course, that discovered, leads them to safety, and one of them, the provident Goode, perhaps, or it may have been Allen Quartermain himself, as they leave the open chest of diamonds, stuffs his pockets full of the soapy, blue-white stones. Most of these he loses, but the remainder sold at current market prices is sufficient to keep the three in comfort for the rest of their days.

Centuries after Aladdin wrought his wonders, but of much the same type of millionaire, stands the Count of Monte Cristo. The Abbé Faria recounted to Dantes in prison, with exactness, the hidden treasure of the Cardinal Spada, lying in the caves of Monte Cristo; gold bullion and coin and jewels to the value of two millions of Roman crowns. Later, as Dantes found it, there were one thousand bricks of gold each weighing two to three pounds, twenty-five thousand crowns, which equals half a million of our money, and ten double handfuls of jewels, of which a single diamond that he gave away was worth fifty thousand francs. With this wealth—forty millions of our money—Dantes proceeds to work his wonders in and out of disguises, scurrying from place to place with a celerity that must not be too closely scrutinised. He paid twenty thousand francs apiece for his horses, and hoped sincerely when dealing with the banker Danglars that six million francs might suffice for his expenditures for a year. He bought a pair of horses at thirty-two thousand francs, in the morning, and that evening sent them back to their former mistress with their head rosettes adorned with diamonds. He drove his beneficiaries to the verge of distracted suspense, and then at the last second "saved" them in fortune and character. In only one respect was the Count of Monte Cristo an unfortunate. He lived in an age of transition, when the magic carpet and Brass Horse had passed, and the motor car, the telephone, the wireless, and the aeroplanes had not come to be. His yacht was swift, but he was hampered in being born two thousand years too late, or a century too soon.

Lew Wallace, in *Ben-Hur,* gives a vivid picture of a Jewish millionaire at the beginning of the Christian era, in the person of Simonides. In the final accounting of his trusteeship that he makes to the son of his dead master, whose eternal slave he is, he discloses all the data needful for modern statisticians to compute the wealth of the son of Hur. He began operations with one hundred and twenty talents—Jewish money—and since one Jewish talent is the equivalent of five thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling, he had at the beginning, six hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds or over three million dollars. On this base he clears five hundred and fifty-three talents, which with his first capital gave Ben-Hur something over the equivalent of Solomon's yearly income. Said Simonides at the end of his accounting: "Thou HAST SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE TALENTS! —and all thine—making thee, O son of Hur, the richest subject in the world!"

All of this immense wealth Ben-Hur declared subject to wager on the chariot race, and to be devoted to the cause of his great revenge. Malluch, his friend, was ordered not to wager in sestertii, but to advance to talents if there might be any who dared so high. "Five, ten, twenty talents! aye, fifty, so the wager be with Messala himself." And Sanballet, the money lender, went about with an order from Simonides for fifty talents, a quarter of a million dollars, offering odds on the race, six to one, "the difference between a Roman and a Jew, and made with Messala the wager of twenty talents odd to Sanballet, six to one—with Messala, not worth one hundred talents nor a fifth part of that sum."

And, the race won and his people

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freed, Ben-Hur perceived no better way to use his wealth than with it to build places for the dead! Said Simonides, "If you cannot build temples for the worship of the Lord above ground, then build them below the ground; and to keep them from profanation, carry to them the bodies of all who die in the faith." And, adds the author: "If any of my readers, visiting Rome, will make a short journey to the Catacomb of San Calixto, which is more ancient than that of San Sebastiano, he will see what became of the fortune of Ben-Hur and give him thanks." Alas and alas for the rigidities of the human mind in all ages!

Despite the fact that *Vanity Fair* is a story of wealth and fashion, no special emphasis is laid on any particular great fortune, unless it is old Osbourne's. Frederick Bullock had agreed to take Jane Osbourne at twenty thousand pounds, but when George was disinherited, he began to hope she might be worth thirty thousand more than he had dared to hope. "Gad, Jane!" he cried thoughtfully, "you may be a fifty thousand pounder yet!" If poor Maria Osbourne was to get as much of George's share as her sister it would put old Osbourne's fortune at, approximately, eighty thousand pounds. Old Miss Crawley was worth sixty thousand, and Amelia's father at the beginning of the story was able to dower her with ten thousand pounds. None of these were great fortunes even for that day. Lord Steyne, undoubtedly the richest of Becky's little group, goes untagged with definite figures.

The Dickens novels are, many of them, built about great fortunes, described with the flaunting exaggeration that is a characteristic of the novels, and with the same absence of particularisation that is evident in all but the modern group of novels that deal with money and its wizards. In *Little Dorrit* there are two great fortunes, the unclaimed, accumulating Dorrit fortune, and the inflated Merdle wealth. Mr. Merdle, by the way, is one of the first pictures of the coming modern millionaire. Mr. Merdle was immensely wealthy, a Midas without ears. He owned everything from banks to buildings. He was chairman, trustee, and president of everything. Said the Bishop Magnate to the Horse Guards, "Mr. Merdle has made another enormous hit. They say one hundred thousand pounds!" Horse Guards had heard two hundred thousand. Treasury had heard three hundred thousand; Bar, four hundred thousand, and Brother Billows, half a million. The Admiralty, said Mr. Merdle was a wonderful man. With his fortune the great man gave great dinners on gold plate, at which he ate nothing because he could not—strange foreshadowing this of the greatest rich man of them all. He bought constituencies and a lordship. And then, over night, his bubble burst, as the great modern fictional fortune built up on Tono-Bungay broke.

Bleak House is built about another huge fortune, whose heirs were involved in that interminable suit of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, and which slowly and fatefully melted away until the day came when the suit was ended not by decision of law but because the Jarndyce fortune had been eaten up as suspense ate away the souls of the hopeless, hoping heirs. And over all the characters the shadow of the great fortune falls and degenerates or develops them according to the spirits within them. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* the family fortune is the pivot about which swing the faults and virtues of the expectant heirs, and to it can be traced the selling of body and soul, hypocrisy that befouls the spirit, murder, and suicide.

To cite the story-tellers who write for the kitchen and the shop were perhaps to lower the standard that floats over any literary stronghold, but the Laura Jean Libbeys, the Bertha Clays, and the Charles Garvices know better than to write for their readers of Gissing's people and Hardy's and Phillpotts's, but, like the romancers of earlier days, they deal in titles and gem and gold plate and millions with the airiness of a fancy set free to roam at will through marble halls.

But a good deal above the romances of the Earl and the gardener's daughter are Ouida's richly tapestried novels. How the woman revelled in wealth and bibelots. Behold the uncounted riches of her weary heroes and blackguard gen-

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tlemen. Prince Sergius, the Russian bully, who bought sixteen-year-old Vere Herbert from her dashing mother, sent his bride "sacks" of uncut turquoises, ropes and tangled ropes of pearls, diadems studded with the rarest diamonds in the world. Ouida too leans to an Aladdinesque style of superlatives and general indefiniteness. Sergius has a Paris palace, and Italian gardens, and Russian estates that have not changed since the days when his ancestors cast upon one side of the scales gold and gems until it weighted down the Circassian slave girl on the other. This practically is how this unmitigated scoundrel buys Vere. Chandos, another weary, weary gentleman of high degree, who lives in crowded splendours of upholstery and first editions and statuettes and cordon blue cookery, he too, and this in London, has slave girls brought from the East fan him as he eats delicately the birds his chef roasts for him in grape leaves imported from Italian vineyards, signs his name to paper after paper that his enemy John Trevanna brings him, and finally signs himself completely into Trevanna's power. The fortunes lost and found in this book are very great, but very indefinite. The hero of *Wanda* steals a title and marries an estate that includes salt mines, gold mines, diamond mines, and seems in its extent to embrace the whole of the Austrian empire, with no more than space outside for the Emperor who exchanged visits with its chatelaine Wanda informally if not humbly. The Princess Napraxine wanders through two volumes scattering extravagances everywhere, and Puck, the tiny lap dog, recounts the sillinesses and worse of his mistress's world. Most of the women will sell their souls for a title and an income, and most of those who live to the end of Ouida's interminable pages do this. The good die young in Ouida's world.

To cite the fortunes that have been fought for in tales of crime and mystery would require the cataloguing of detective fiction. *The Moonstone,* one of the typical mystery tales in English literature, centres about the wonderful gem, the greatest treasure of a Hindu god. And *The Woman in White* was the victim used to decoy the lady with the fortune into the hands of her enemies. The unlucky Laura did not have a stupendous fortune, but she was worth close to a quarter of a million dollars, and dead was worth half of that in ready cash to her heartless husband and the elephantine count.

Even children's stories have not escaped the lure of wealth. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* suddenly becomes heir to an earldom and a fortune, and the really interesting part of the story begins after he gets to England and comes into composed contact with his great wealth. "Sara Crewe," the forlorn little dreamer, is rescued from her loneliness and poverty by a rich Indian gentleman, and old Mr. Lawrence and Laurie are most attractive figures in *Little Women,* while old Aunt March's fortune supplies suspense and surprise all through that most worthy book. As for the children's fairy stories, there may be Cinderella, but there is always the Prince.

Because it is one of the basic facts in life money has occupied a huge place in fiction both over characters and plots. But it is interesting to note the great change that has come over the treatment of the question of great wealth within the last quarter of a century. The reality of unsuspected sources of wealth became known, the possibility of creating great masses of wealth became certainty and the greatest single fortunes the world has ever seen began to accumulate under the manipulations of the great modern financiers. Dickens foreshadowed the coming change in the methods—most shadowily sketched—whereby the Merdle fortune was piled up. There were other brief attempts made to interpret the changing condition, but when Howells wrote *The Rise of Silas Lapham,* he inaugurated a new era in that part of fiction that deals with millions and millionaires.

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"TORRE QUATTRO VENTI," ELIHU VEDDER'S VILLA AT CAPRI

ELIHU VEDDER

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS

BY HORACE THOMPSON CARPENTER

THE impression received of Elihu Vedder as a painter, when visiting him in his delightful Italian world, was, to the writer, hopelessly entangled with the charm of the personality of the individual himself. The painter's almost boyish interest in diversions that his active and inventive mind were constantly formulating, lost one's perspective in measuring up the greater work of his life. Intellectual, imaginative and technical qualities, it is needless to say here, have long been conceded him by his contemporaries, and the writer leaves to abler pens this point of view, though these are certainly dominating characteristics.

To the practical man of affairs when confronted with either the personality or work of a man who, like Elihu Vedder, has voluntarily exiled himself from his country for the greater part of his life, the query inevitably presents itself, as to just what value, comparatively, is the environment of an old world existence for a man of exceptional talent? Perhaps it is wiser not to attempt an analytical exposition. A painter is sometimes embarrassed and sometimes amused at the elaborate significance given to his creations by his enthusiastic critics when he is quite innocent of any thought beyond

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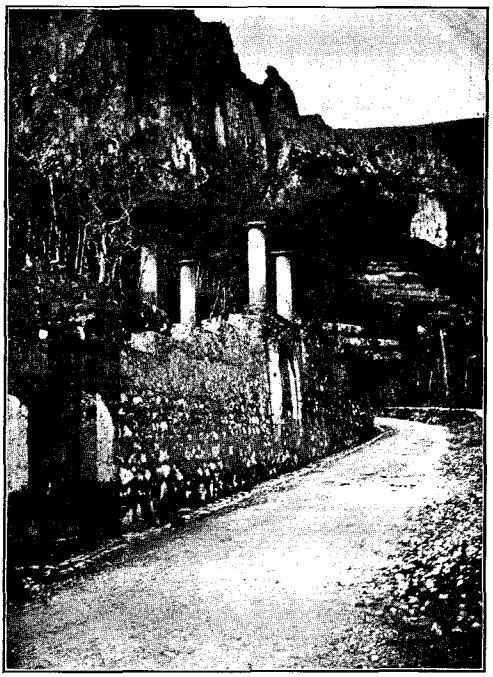
finding a good subject and producing it on canvas to the best of his ability. Perhaps, after all, the artist is very much like any one else; when he finds a place he likes simply stays there, and that's all there is to it.

But here was this lovable fellow, far enough away indeed from that congenial and admiring group of brother painters and writers who at the Century Club so enthusiastically have endeavoured to hold him to this side of the water, living his life of Italian preference, resting satisfied or at least permitting the possibility of great and worthy commissions hunting him out rather than actively taking the initiative.



ENTRANCE GATE AND WALL OF "TORRE QUATTRO VENTI"

For years Vedder had had his Roman studio, far, as distances in the Eternal City go, from his home in Capo le Casa. This studio or studios, for there were two large apartments and receiving rooms, centred in one of those long two-storied stucco buildings characteristic of the Roman campagna. A little mule-power tram car from the piazza near the great arch of the Porta del Popolo occasionally tinkled by the picturesque entrance some little distance down Via Flaminia. A blacksmith shop was on the street level at one end. It was, it seemed to the writer, with its sturdy workers in metal or wood, very characteristic and appropriate. It does not take much imagination to associate Michael Angelo, Elihu Vedder and a fine, big, serious, brawny-muscled man of the anvil as from a near related mould. In an arched recessed space, surmounted by a spreading conch shell design at the opposite end of the building, was a stone water-trough, where wine carters with their mules gaily bedecked with bells and flowing red plumes, quenched their thirst, forming a constant series of pictures.

To reach the studio proper, one entered a narrow side alleyway; soon you saw on the wall by a tall iron-spiked gateway, an antique fragment inscribed with the single word "Vedder." This gateway was half hidden by vines and drooping branches, opening on a little narrow pebbled pathway which led to a wonderfully charming trellised vine-protected outside stone stairway. The environment will help an understanding of the man. From the top landing through glistening leaves a lovely vista was had of the artist's little adjoining garden. Under the curiously strange trees and shrubbery that bordered the labyrinth of paths were broken columns, massive carved marble cornices,—encrusted and time-stained,—and other antique fragments which offered seats. Beyond the walls was that lovely campagna region, dotted with scintillating white-towered villas, silhouetted against the deep-toned cypress and stone pines. And not far off was the famous villa of the luxury-loving Livia, which in its fallen splendour still may be seen and from where was unearthed not many years ago, after its centuries of undisturbed rest, the statue of Augustus that in its marvellous workmanship has made it one of the greatest treasures in the Braccio Nuova of the Vatican.

The picturesque personality of the painter would impress one whatever and wherever the surroundings. As he came down those stone steps, a bunch of large keys in hand to open the gate, explaining the while the reason for absence of

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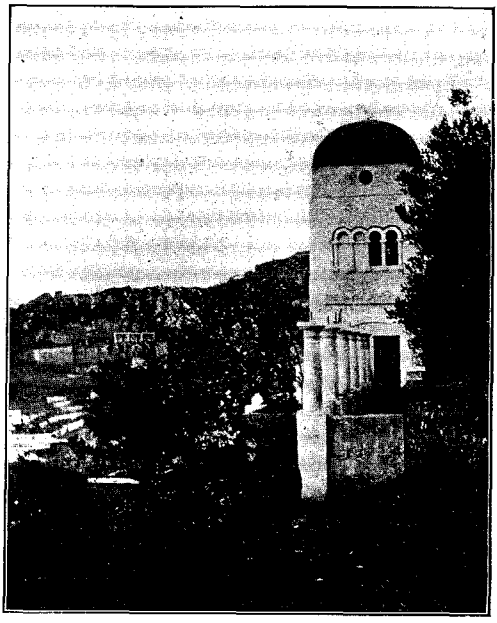
the porter and attendant of all work, with a gentleness born of a natural sympathy for the under dog, he looked the man one might imagine the creator of such work as contained in the series of drawings of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, or the Congressional Library and Bowdoin College mural decorations, or the mural work in the Huntington house with its incomparable central figure Luna. His abundant wavy white hair, features of marked strength, penetrating blue eyes, which alternately twinkled and analysed, a long flowing white moustache, a striking head on massive shoulders, tall in height, in fine a figure of rugged picturesqueness that stood out even in that land of artistic individuality, but yet never for a moment to be mistaken for anything but a fine type of American. His manner was cordial, frank, sincere and unaffected, and one soon found out he was a good hater of shams.

The studio was typical of the man. An art world apart from the ordinary. High ceiling surmounted treasure covered walls. Beautifully toned tapestries formed a deep dado, which in turn touched a frieze—classical subjects in relief—interspersed with panelled figures. A madonna and child centred over the doorway, which led into a favourite working room. The Lazarus and Sansone heads, so well known to the public through reproduction, caught the eye. Everywhere were drawings and paintings, some symbolical of things eternal and all broadly and nobly conceived. Not canvas big in the sense of square feet, but designs and conceptions often in comparative miniature that carried the noble proportions of great mural decorative work in their possibilities. This same compartment had rare cabinets filled with antique finds, quaint little encrusted figures of other days, vases and fragments, groups of his own figurine and relief clay sketches, marvellously expressive in face and action, the beginnings of work already finished and happily safely placed, and, then these same sketches carried further as an ever uneasy and expanding imagination tempted.

It has been stated somewhere in a review of Mr. Vedder's career, that his work was strangely impressive—which is certainly true—and that he seems to have painted because he had no other way of expressing himself. A short association with the man would assuredly dissipate any such illusion. Indeed so prone is he to express the overflowing tumult of ideas in other ways than by painting that that in itself constitutes one of the most serious barriers to an only too scant production.

Afterward when basking in the dreamland of that charming Caprian villa, Torre Quattro Venti, that he and his little family were then completing (for it



TOWER OF THE VILLA AND PERGOLA FROM THE OLIVE ORCHARD. TOWN OF CAPRI IN THE BACKGROUND

was a very real and interesting coöperation) down in the soft limpid atmosphere of the Mediterranean, this same thought was further impressed upon the writer. But it was no less absorbing to watch him as he worked out designs by rule of thumb, both in the villa, studio and garden details, one in particular a fountain and cistern design, beautiful in classic simplicity, with the faithful and loyal contadini, workmen and workwomen, to carry out his ideas there expressed at the moment. And thoughts again reverted to the Roman studio with its overflowing shelves and cabinets in various half-wrought forms, clay, pigment, pencil or

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actual carving. And so often the thoughts were so well worth developing. It seems difficult to believe that such work could lie dormant in the face of what really does often come to the surface. If the artist resented the fact there was no tangible evidence of it. Business principles are but neglected incidents in the life of such a man. But after all where is the adjusting scale and the agency which will accurately measure out and distribute such production, which will discriminate between the necessary and the unnecessary, the æsthetic idea that is practical and that which is not? Vedder himself was fond

ELIHU VEDDER IN THE GARDEN CONNECTED WITH HIS STUDIO IN ROME

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of saying, "People think so differently about such things."

But to return to the Rome studio. A large canvas rested on an easel at one side of the end working room. It still awaited completion, but was far enough advanced to show the beauty and strength of the composition. It was an allegorical subject entitled "The Dawn of Reason." The classical figures with Grecian draperies were extremely charming both in colour and line. As we sat near this painting, the artist's thoughts were everywhere and anywhere except on the realities of his profession. Just then he was full of an ingenious thought covering the readjusting of the entire alphabet. The idea embodied phonetic principles. The painter felt sure that children could thereby much more easily and quickly learn their alphabet and be able to read and have a sustained interest in the task. The actual designs of the letters suggested in a most interesting and well defined way the thing intended. For instance, the word "arch" would have its design suggest an arch, the actual design of each

"THE DAWN OF REASON"
Canvas perhaps six or eight feet long on wall back of easel. Unfinished when this portrait was taken.

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of the letters composing the word having a logical adaptability for any possible combination of those four letters, and so on throughout the alphabet, the little forms sometimes suggesting animate and sometimes inanimate things. The painter thought that it would not only hold the interest of a child in the same manner as if he were working out a picture puzzle, but the combination would unconsciously be indelibly impressed upon the child's mind with the minimum amount of fatigue and effort.

DESIGN BY MR. VEDDER FOR THE CAPRI VILLA

However, these little diversions, whether they happen to be the construction of villas or alphabets, whether decorative carving or designing of classical garden adjuncts, are doubtless not to be taken too seriously as interferences with more serious work. We all know the wisdom of temporary changes in occupation as panaceas for mind clearing. One man in his breathing spells will drop his medical profession and become a famous etcher, another will stop painting and writing long enough to build a lighthouse or *vice versa,* and still another will cease forming trusts and great financial combinations while he hies himself abroad in his luxurious yacht and enrich his country with rare art treasures, and so on. And on such occasions our country has been made much the richer by some of the treasures from Mr. Vedder's own easel. So the writer refers to these little side issues only as indicative of one little side of a many-sided genius.

A suggestion of oriental atmosphere seemed to pervade these studio rooms. This was enhanced by the Omar Khayyam drawings and reproductions, and not a little by the oriental philosophy that the painter himself, unconsciously, made apparent. The masterly Cumæ Sibyl itself suggested the trend of an imagination which converts sphinx-like mysteries into tangible and sublime realities, or at least possibilities. Few intellects but sometime in their existence, in their gropings for enlightenment of the great beyond, have not felt indescribable and instinctive craving for definite outward expression, a suggestion for perfect beauty and possibility. For such Vedder must partly at least lift the veil, the distinctness depending naturally not a little upon the finer receptive qualities of the observer, yet without doubt tantalising enough to others.

It was characteristic of the man, too, when in the midst of all these thought-inspiring impressions, he should have insisted upon a predilection for landscape subjects. He delved into out-of-the-way corners and unending recesses of an adjoining storeroom for sketches which in themselves if shown would controvert the thought of certain critics that colour had been slighted in the development of line and form. Wetting his finger, he would with keen delight brighten the surface and show results of colour study and, with half-regretful tone, dwell upon the thing that was not.

On the Flaminia roadway, not far from his studio, was a long low wall, time stained and filled with cracks, red tiles projecting over the edge, and on these a spreading sign with the words "Antica Osteria." A little peeked roof towered just above the solid plank doorway, festooned by grape vines and olive-tree branches, completing an appealing scheme of colour. It was a quaint bit of old Rome that this dilapidated old doorway allowed one to enter into. It was

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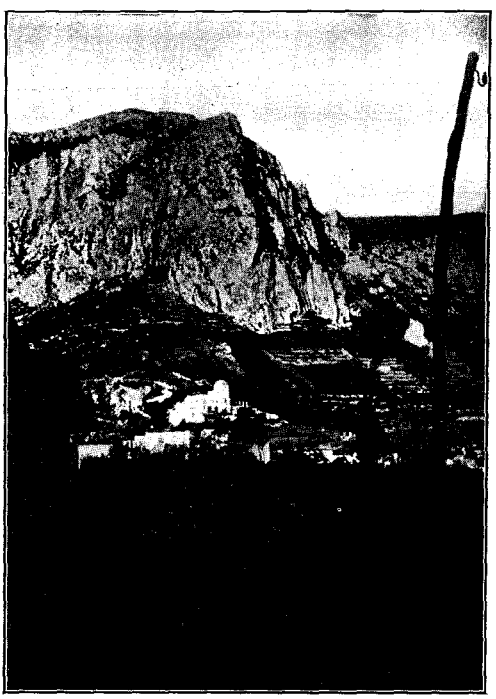
in this sort of an unconventional place Vedder loved to rest. He ate as the carters and other Italians did, enjoying the simple but characteristic fare of the old inn. The inn itself stood at one side of the courtyard with a trellised gateway flanked by great terra cotta jars half hidden by sedge, at one end. The vine-covered arbours were cool and inviting. Long deal tables and plank benches held a sturdy set of wine carters and men of toil, all chattering in the animated Italian manner. The maid with her luxuriant raven black tresses and gaily coloured neckerchief made a pretty picture as she came tripping across the courtyard and placed before us steaming dishes of macaroni. All these picturesque elements had a visible effect upon Vedder and brought out many stories of his wanderings among the hill people, and of folklore of the fishermen. It brought to memory that delightful bit of exaggerated and romantic invention of his, "An Enigma of the Sea," a canvas painted in 1879, last seen by the writer in a loan exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, which shows a fisherman striding from out the sea, a fishing net slung over his shoulder, in the meshes of which is entangled the figure of a frightened mermaid. It was in a place like this, when he was surrounded with the fine types that so often suggest the classic in their physical development, which would bring out the painter's innermost thoughts. His allegorical conceptions here to the writer assumed a reality and present significance which made one wonder if America, perhaps not without its need of such an influence in connection with the great architectural developments of these modern days, quite realised opportunities that were passing.

When Vedder first yielded to the fascination of Italian life in general and Rome in particular, there was a group of artists—notably in sculpture—in Rome and near-by Florence, who, in America at least, were by virtue of skilfully wrought marble productions holding the attention of all would-be art collectors and rich connoisseurs ambitious for a reputation that comes to a liberal patron of the Arts. Powers, Rogers, Brown, Story, Greenough, with perhaps some few others, were or recently had been working nights, as they say, to keep up with their ever-increasing orders, conceptions where everything but imagination was in evidence, where each statue showed a state of apalling perfection in its mechanical exactness, and held a sway that was only broken by the enlightening Centennial Exhibition of 1876. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that Vedder with an imagination that was to place him in a category by himself, the very



TORRE QUATTRO VENTI FROM ABOVE

antithesis to this mediocre but overwhelmingly popular output of the Roman American group, extending perhaps from about 1840 to 1870, or a little later, should have found it hard to develop definite and tangible ideas in either clay or pigment beyond a certain more or less continuous experimenting. One only needs to recall such canvases as, for instance, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," "Lazarus," "The Cup of Death," "The Questioner of the Sphinx," "Love Ever Present," "The Lost Mind" and that lovely poem of rhythmic movement and colour, the "Roman Girls on the Seashore," of which one may see many stud-

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAPRI FROM MR. VEDDER'S VILLA LOOKING TOWARD AMALFI

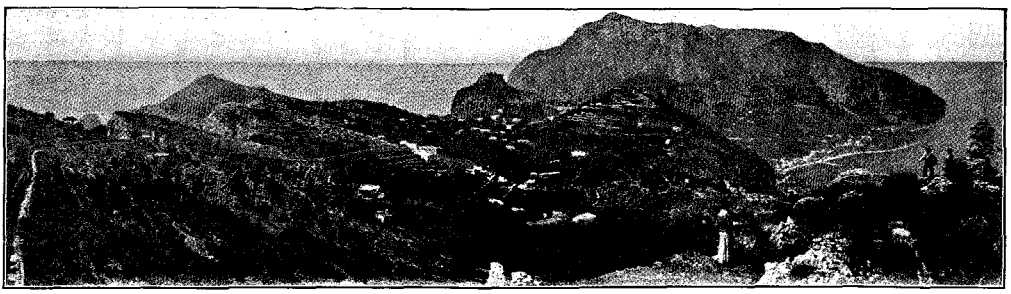
ies and variations on the Flaminia Studio walls.

But in spite of early incursions into colour pure and simple, with results that necessarily held their own interest, showing as they did the development of an exceptional talent and temperament, the leaning in those early days of the sixties must have been toward line and form.

One of the little groups, either in clay or bronze, representing three wild dishevelled creatures with flying hair and drapery, intense action and weird expression, the "Phorcydes," must have developed from one of the portfolio series of sketches of 1866 or 1868. However, it is neither very enlightening nor very interesting to spread out a list of titles, except as a means of recalling a given subject to those already familiar with the work itself, so that many evidences of what has been accomplished to completion may be left to the connoisseur and lover of great art. The smaller things which help give an accurate perspective of a man's personality are only intended in these few pages of recollections and impressions.

Before now men who have been bent upon accomplishing the full measure of their ability, have insisted that it only could be done by self-abnegation in the way of limiting the personal adjuncts, luxuries and tempting but distracting accessories either in furnishings or attractive surroundings. Fortunately no such eliminating creed could ever be shouldered upon Elihu Vedder. Not that there is a suggestion of effeminate predilection for mere conventional studio adornments. Far from it, but the physical attributes accumulated in the long years of his Italian life are a visible reality and have the fascination of a mediæval dream, all of which cannot well be ignored in presenting even an approximate sketch of the man. The temptation to stop work and simply smoke and dream in such an environment is a real one. One feels that big thoughts should work themselves into realities without taking into account easel, painting smock, canvas, pallette and brushes and long and tedious upbuilding.

At this (present) distance one may but shut his eyes, to bask in the beauties of that Flaminia studio outlook, down into that charming fruit-laden garden with its beautiful campagna region beyond to feel its irresistible influence. Or again follow the man of imagination and



PANORAMA SHOWING BACKBONE OF CAPRI. ELIHU VEDDER'S VILLA "TORRE QUATTRO VENTI" (TOWER OF THE FOUR WINDS) ABOUT THE CENTRE

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big conceptions to his Capri retreat. Here, after all, at his villa Torre Quattro Venti, is where the writer received the impression that holds most strongly in mind. And he still sees the painter as he stood one early morning high up on the broad flat villa roof at the side of the tower. The author of *Roma Immortalis* had just landed the writer from his famous schooner yacht *Alda* after an early start from Sorrento. And now while the beautiful vessel and her genial commander were veering off for the homeward tack, Vedder, in loyal regard for friend and fellow-countryman, was unfurling the American flag and saluting, one the other, and bidding Godspeed to the white-winged craft as she glided away on the ruffled sea. It was a picture to remember. The great dark cliffs high above the villa's white tower and vine-covered pergolas, the vast expanse of sea and mountain, the Salernian bay to the North with its siren-haunted rocky coast, where rests Amalfi, the gem of the island sapphire sea. And that pearl-encircled bay where Vesuvius cast iridescent shadows over the myth-suffused islands of Homeric legend. The man Vedder was an intimate and component part of this wonderful outlook, and as the strong south wind brushed his leonine head and snowy hair, one felt that he had come into his own, and the painter was worthy of his setting.

THE MIRROR

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Now all that I have seen, winter-white and summer-green
(Mark! This I learned in three score years and ten);
These things will come again
As sure as summer rain,
And, as the dying daylight, go again.

I peeped into my mirror when Spring was on my head:
"Oh lovely Spring," I said, "you are not I."
And the face of a little child
That greeted me and smiled —
It faded like the violets that die.

And when I was a woman, my face was Summer's own
(I know because I saw it in the glass);
But I said, "The thing I see
Is nothing like to me."
And it changed and withered like the ripening grass.

Before my fire-lit pane, I sit and see the Winter drifts,
My mirrored hair is bleak and white as they.
And my face upon the glass
As melting snow doth pass:
To-morrow, and my ghost will be away.

But I'm Spring and Summer-time, fallen leaf and Winter rime,
My body is the meadow and the sea;
Yonder mountain is my breast,
With the forest I am dressed,
And the Sun and Moon hold up my glass for me.

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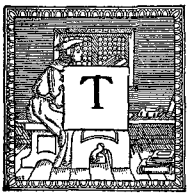
A PANEL OF POETS*

BY MILTON BRONNER

I



HERE is a type of mind which revolts against the ordinary, the commonplace, the well-established order of things. It sometimes makes itself manifest by spurring men on to explore the hidden corners of the world. Sometimes, less romantically and more prosaically, it induces them to be frontiersmen, hardy pioneers who cannot abide the reek and the smoke and the clangor of cities, but who do their country's work and carry their country's flag, settling in the waste places and the wilderness. Sometimes, and this is more ordinary to-day when explorers are becoming fewer and the frontiersmen are finding themselves with their occupations gone, sometimes, it manifests itself in a certain sort of traveller. These persons avoid the beaten paths through Europe, dodge the great cities and the show-places as if they were infected with the Black Death, and seek the little strongholds where the Basques are making their last stand against the rush of to-day, or they go into some quaint hidden city in Dalmatia and revel in learning something about places and people of which the ordinary globe-trotter never hears. And as it is in the physical world with travellers and explorers, so it is in the world of books. Who of us cannot remember how the two types of mind were made manifest even in college days? There was the man who read all the prescribed things, who dutifully took down the volumes of Pope and Dryden, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats,—all the "standard" poets. And then there was the other reader, some boy who left the well-beaten roads and through preference went hunting in the by-paths in literature where amid much that was ordinary, he would suddenly come upon some little clear rivulet of song, or some lovely vista all resplendent with hawthorn and may. Or consider that other shy lad who loved the exotic, who read only enough of the prescribed things to conform to requirements, but who in his spare moments grubbed around in the "rotunda," and to the dismay of the white-haired old Virginia librarian, disturbed the age-old dust on some volumes of John Bowring's translations from the Servian and other Balkan tongues. And the habits of mind thus formed are not easily shaken off. In the after years, when youth is gone and hopes are gone and illusions are lost, when some of the gold dust is brushed off the wings of once fair dreams, there often remains that unconquerable, unquenchable thirst for the new, the exotic, the unusual, the out-of-the-way among the books that are tumbled from the presses of the world. Long ago it was Swinburne with his poems in *Laus Veneris* that stirred the youth. Then came a shock from Baudelaire, and a delight in those rococo *Fêtes Galantes* of Verlaine. Then came the study of their effect upon the young poets of the time. In England there was a combination of Swinburne, Baudelaire and Verlaine, and the result was an Arthur Symons and Ernest Dowson. In young Germany there was the combination of the same French poets with something of the lyricism of Heine.

But to us who would still explore, the moonlit, absinthe-soaked poetry of the Parisian boulevards has not even yet expended its force. In 1907 there came across seas from England, a tiny flower of the decadent school, *A Book of Masks,* which contained in its twenty lyrics more perfect art than half the stuff that is printed in this country and

*A Book of Masks. By Wilbur Underwood. London: Elkin Mathews.

Damien of Molokai. By Wilbur Underwood. London: Elkin Mathews.

Personæ. By Ezra Pound. London: Elkin Mathews.

Exultations. By Ezra Pound. London: Elkin Mathews.

Provenca. By Ezra Pound. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Daily Bread. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 3 vols. London: Elkin Mathews.

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called "poetry." And best of all and strangest of all, this new poet was an American—Wilbur Underwood. His was a book written all in one mood, a mood of sadness, by a poet who was filled with dreams of moonlit nights and sad gardens, where the odour of decaying roses reminded one that the sweet summer was coming to a close; gardens where irresponsible unmoral Pierrots, white as the moon, made half-hearted love to dainty Columbines; where all the figures were in mask and where life itself was seen as carnival, a carnival that was to end all too soon; where it was necessary to enjoy the fleeting moments and to fling roses riotously. And all this was set forth in perfectly chiselled verse as exquisite, as "precious," as mannered, as Gallic as the *Fêtes Galantes* themselves. Indeed, they are not unworthy to be compared with that little book. Derivative? Certainly. It is fair to assume that the *Masks* would not have been written if Verlaine had not written, but they are as distinctive in their line as anything that other delicate child of the decadent school, Ernest Dowson, ever accomplished. Baudelaire was acclaimed as one who had discovered a new shudder. All these decadent poets at their best and fairest have in their art something of the wizardry which imparts a new thrill to the nerves, which touches something in our hearts and induces a melancholy similar to that which possessed the singer when he fashioned the song. In their maddest revels, when most moon-struck, when the dance is most feverish, these poets and their puppets are always conscious of the approach of the sad hour when the command will be: "Masks off!" There is something autumnal and wistful about such verses as these:

The hour has struck; with sudden grace
The mask is slipped from each worn face,
And desolate eyes meet desolate eyes
In glances of a lone surmise
That searching deeply only see
The veils of utter mystery;
The lights are flickering in the lamps,
The air grown sharp with earthy damps,
O little ghosts of sad delight
Pass wearily into the night.
A little while and over all
The faded leaves shall drift and fall,
The rain and wind from outer space
Walk desolate about the place,
And whisper through the grasses wet:
Adieu, Pierrot; good-night, Ninette.

But even before the midnight hour, when the unmasking begins, there is borne in upon these fantasts something of the reality of life. Inflamed with wine and passion and the zest of living, panting from the whirl of the dance, with the delirium of the music in their blood, there is a sudden chill because into their dream world comes grim fact. The master of all our revels, King Death, has called out one of those who used to be among the gayest of the gay, and we hear her fate in verses which have something of the sad tolling of funeral bells in their solemn music:

This young girl—this girl is dead;
From the light and music fled
Into darkness and still space;
Cover o'er the strange white face;
Once her laughter starred the night,
Now her laughter's taken flight.

This young girl—this girl is dead;
From the light and laughter fled;
Ladies, brutes and fellow-men
We are laughing once again,
As of old the noise and light
Stream out on the ancient night,
As of old, wine-flushed and fair,
We make joy with mocking air;
But through all our fevered arts
Steals a shadow on our hearts.

Now it has been the history of these singers of carnival, these dreamers who awake with a shock to the stern realities that they leap from one extreme to the other. From the paganism and abandon of the rout, they rush in terror to the arms of Mother Church and abase themselves before the altar of the anointed. Witness Verlaine in "Sagesse," witness Huysmans, witness Dowson. In Underwood the reaction is also noticeable, although like some of the Frenchmen, he does not abide long in the unworldly mood. His second little book of verses, *Damien of Molokai,* has three themes, the religious, love, and a passion of

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friendship for athletes that is Greek after the manner of A. E. Housman in his "Shropshire Lad." The singer of carnival and masks dreams now for a space of saintly men and holy things and gives his amen to this:

Within the convent close
Where the fir trees stand in rows,
Pointing mutely as of old
To the sky above the mould,
Lie the Brothers, laid to rest
With the cross upon their breast.

All those patient, eager men
Waiting for His coming, when
Light shall open all the skies,
And His voice shall say: "Arise."

And I, too, Lord, would lie
With face set to the sky;
I, too, in that long sleep
Thy cross would hold and keep,
Clasping in the dust
The seal of deathless trust.

But this mood soon passes and his song is all of love again, love glorying in the beauty of the beloved, love in disgrace, love denied and cold, love beseeching:—

Kiss me—lest I grow afraid
To think of coming days—and Death.

There may be monotony in the volume, there may be more of a "delicate waiting on moods" than there is of heartening thought and strengthening philosophy, but there can be no question of the beauty, the daring, and the lyric cry of this:

God hath His many worlds
Sparkling the ether through,
Cloud upon cloud of stars—
But I have you.

God hath His many souls,
Who all the ages through
Praise Him with ceaseless praise—
But I have you.

He whose light slayeth dark,
Shineth upon us, too;
Out of His wondrous souls
He gave me you.

So doth His lonely love
Bind us by many ways;
Even when we know it not
Our love His praise.

II

Next there is a poet who could easily be termed by the school of critics-in-a-hurry, a minor Browning, and so no more. Like the great master, he is often rugged and even obscure; like him, although alway searching for new and intricate verse forms, he is likely to be charged with formlessness; like him there is a tremendous realism in his language, in contrast with the beauty he calls into service at intervals; like him he is a dissector of souls and voices, his findings in dramatic monologues in which the characters reveal themselves and the inmost secrets of their hearts; like him he is saturated with foreign culture and his favourite era is the Middle Ages; and finally there is a healthy, manly, virile note in his poetry, a note that expresses itself in man-song and in passionate love poetry.

But if diluted Browning were all of Ezra Pound, he would not be worthy much space. Fortunately for the good fame of this young American, who likewise received his first support in England, and fortunately, too, for that small minority which still loves poetry, there is a great deal more. Being a modern of moderns, there is a touch of Yeats in his makeup and, harking back, there is a great deal of the troubadours of whom Arnaut Daniel is the master he loves best. Surely this is a strange combination of sources for a young poet. But there is more yet. He is a learned philologist, and in his *Spirit of Romance* has ranged over the Middle Ages, examined the literature of the period, and made many choice translations from the singers of that time, while very soon he rather daringly promises to challenge the supremacy of Rossetti himself by a new version of the songs of Guido Cavalcanti. And this philologist and translator is likewise a parodist. In his "Romance" book there is a parody of Whitman, while in "Personæ"—notice the reminiscence of "Dramatis Personæ"—there is a tribute to Browning in his very manner and form, a poem which is not even surpassed by Calverley's famous "Cock and Bull":

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Aye, you're a man that! ye old mesmeriser,
Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swadelins,
One must of needs be a hang'd early riser
To catch you at worm turning. Holy Odd's bodykins!

You wheeze as a head-cold, long-tonsilled Calliope,
But God! what a sight you ha' got o' our in'ards,
Mad as a hatter, but surely no Myope,
Broad as all ocean and leanin' mankin'ards.

Here's to you, Old Hippety-hop o' the accents,
True to the Truth's sake and crafty dissector,
You grabbed at the gold sure; had no need to pack cents
Into your versicles.
Clear sight's elector!

As an admirer of Browning and a student of Provençal poetry he does himself harm. There is too much that is his own, that promises fine things for his future, to justify him in further experiments with canzone after the manner of Daniel and Bertrand de Born, and in aping the dramatic monologue method of Browning. But even the products of this latter mood constitute no mean achievement. In "La Fraisne" there is a very wonderful rendition of the story of an old love-madness which drove the stricken one to frenzied trysts with an ash tree; in "Cino," Dante's contemporary is shown in a moment of disgust with the grey eyes of women and determined to sing of "'Pollo Phoibee"; in another of these, a sestina, Bertrand de Born, profanity and all, is shown ordering his jongleur, Papiols, to make ready to sing a new song celebrating the glories of war; while in "Piere Vidal Old," that famous troubadour muses over the wonderful and fantastic and insane period in his youth, when for love of Loba he ran as a wolf in the forest and was hunted as a creature of prey; but it was worth it all:

God! but the purple of the sky was deep!
Clear, deep, translucent, so the stars me seemed
Set deep in crystal; and because my sleep
Rare visitor—came not—the Saints I guerdon
For that restlessness—Piere set to keep
One more fool's vigil with the hollyhocks.
Swift came the Loba, as a branch that's caught,
Torn, green and silent in the swollen Rhone,
Green was her mantle, close, and wrought
Of some thin silk stuff that's scarce stuff at all,
But like a mist where through her white form fought,

And conquered! Ah, God conquered!
Silent my mate came as the night was still.
Speech? Words? Faugh! Who talks of words and love?
Hot is such love and silent,
Silent as fate is, and as strong until
It faints in taking and in giving all.

If we leave these monologues and look at the canzone we see a poet so absorbed by the dainty and intricate lacework of the Provençal singers that he must needs experiment, too, and try his skill. But beautiful as many of these effects are, that way great poetry does not lie. The style and manner are alien to the English tongue. Of fixed forms in verse, imported into the language, only the sonnet has become part and parcel of our literature. One can recall no ballade, no sestina, rondeau or triolet in English which can truly be called great. All poetry is, of course, artifice, and all poetry has a basis of mechanics, but in the canzone the artifice is too apparent, too learned, too much the labour of a skilled juggler with end rhymes. It speaks much for Pound that, despite the fact that his three books of poems are very small and despite the various experiments we have glanced at, he nevertheless manages to convince one that he has the right Promethean fire. Not only that, but he makes one feel, too, that he is a big personality, one who is both lover and thinker, a rude dominant man, almost burly, hewing out his own proper effects in a strikingly original manner, as in the unique "Idyl for Glaucus," so different from the pale transcripst from the Greek, and in that daring and yet essentially truthful and noble Christ poem, "The Ballad of the Goodly Fere," in which Simon Zelotes speaks some time after the crucifixion:

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
For the priests and the gallows tree?
Aye, lover he was of brawny men,
O' ships and the open sea.

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Oh, we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
When we last made company,
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,
But a man o' men was he.

They'll no get him a' in a book, I think,
Though they write it cunningly;
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,
But aye loved the open sea.

It takes no prophet to see that here is an original voice, a strong voice that echoes no one. He sings in a rich baritone, with a note of realism. For he is in revolt against the crepuscular spirit in modern poetry:

I would shake off the lethargy of this our time, and give
For shadows—shapes of power;
For dreams—men.

But that is not all of his aspiration, for hear him:

As bright white drops upon a leaden sea,
Grant so my songs to this grey folk may be;
As drops that dream and gleam and falling catch the sun.

And the prayer for beauty is granted. Out of his undoubted strength comes sweetness, whether in exquisite single lines like:

That white-foot wind, Pale Dawn's annunciatrice—

Or as when he speaks of the rain

O pearls that hang on your little silvery chains,

Or all suddenly with a burst of melody in an otherwise conventional canzone:

My love is lovelier than the sprays
Of eglantine above clear waters,
Or whitest lilies that upraise
Their heads in midst of moated waters.

No poppy in the May-glad mead
Would match her quivering lips' red
If 'gainst her lips it should be laid.

The light within her eyes, which slays
Base thoughts and stilleth troubled waters,
Is like the gold where sunlight plays
Upon the still o'ershadowed waters.

Love here is his theme, as it is the subject of so many of his poems, and here the Provençal influence is most gracious and graceful. For this strong man, this man who dissects the souls of warriors as well as of singers, is a veritable troubadour of the great passion. Hear him:

Who calls me idle? I have thought of her.
Who calls me idle? By God's truth I've seen
The arrowy sunlight in her golden snares.

Let him among you all stand summonser
Who hath done better things! Let whoso hath been
With worthier works concerned display his wares.

When the roses are blooming and soft summer winds are blowing and the moon is shining, he will sing you one song or ten in honour of his beloved,—exquisite things, cast into new moulds, with the freshness of manner that comes in a real poet who is breaking away from his teachers and models: things like this, with which one must really close the little volumes and turn elsewhere:

Because of the beautiful white shoulders and the rounded breasts
I can in no wise forget my beloved of the peach-trees,
And the little winds that speak when the dawn is unfurled
And the rose-colour in the grey oak-leaf's fold
When it first comes, and the glamour that rests
On the little streams in the evening; all of these
Call me to her, and all the loveliness in the world
Binds me to my beloved with strong chains of gold.

III

We have seen that these new poets, in the quest for beauty, have hied themselves away from the grim realities of life and have betaken themselves to garden closes of fancy, to lands of carnival, or back in time to when the troubadours held sway. The beauty that gilds the lives of common men, that inheres in the humble,—these things they have not attempted to portray at all. And indeed there are not so many instances in English literature where the thing has been done. Art has been aristocratic and so agreed with Shakespeare in speaking of

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the "greasy caps" and "stinking breath" of the mob, rather than acquiesce in the kindly pictures drawn by genial Chaucer. And it is only when one comes down to modern times that one begins to see the impact of the mass upon poets, that art begins to be democratic. Crabbe was really the pioneer in this. It was he who first began to depict "the bitterness that lies like a dark pool" in the bottom of the hearts of the English peasants. Then came Hood with his piercingly sweet song or two, and the strident tones of Ebenezer Elliott and Ernest Charles Jones and other singers of Chartist days and of "Corn Law Rhymes." The balance of the celebration of the very poor and humble is in our own time, so to speak; in the day of the genuine awakening of the people; in the hour of the growth of socialism, and the tolerance even of anarchy so long as it does not manifest itself in anything more dangerous than words. There is, for instance, Joseph Skipsey, with his "Carols from the Coal Fields," in which there are hints of the tragedies of the mines; there is Robert Buchanan, who in such "London Poems" as "Nell" and "Liz" brought realism into pictures of modern London slum life; there is John Davidson, who, before he became an anarchist, sang the troubles of the lowly, and finally there are Robert Blatchford, the socialist poet, and Francis Adams, who, in his "Songs of the Army of the Night," is purely anarchistic.

The new poet considered here bears no resemblance to any of these save in his choice of similar subjects. He is neither a lyrist like Davidson and Hood, a writer of savage marching songs like Adams and his corn-law predecessors, a painstaking descriptive artist like Crabbe at his best, nor a writer of revelatory monologues like Buchanan. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson turns the light on the dark places of modern life by means of dramatic dialogues, written in irregular verse. He forsakes the charm of rhyme, eschews rhetoric, and sticks close to actual scenes. It is as if a half dozen or so paragraphs from a daily newspaper of London with their brief colourless recitals of deaths, accidents and crimes had been taken as the basis of these poems. It is the business of the poet to tell us what the newspaper does not. The poems give the inside facts, the heart ache and the pain and misery that come into the lives of the very poor. Gibson is a chronicler of the humble, a reporter of their lives, stated thus for the man:

I little knew that life was labour, labour,
And labour till the end.
I thought that there'd be ease, somewhere.

And for the woman:

It's ever children, children.
A woman slaves her very life away
To rear her children;
And they grow up and slave their lives away
To rear their children.

John Galsworthy, in his splendid plays dealing with modern life, gives both sides with impartial skill. In *Strife* he presents the arguments both for capital and labour. In *Justice* he gives both the views of the courts and the criminals. Gibson in his dialogues gives but one side, but things are stated as calmly, seemingly, as Galsworthy does it, and as in Galsworthy's dramas we are conscious that Gibson has as flaming a wrath at conditions, as deep a conviction of the necessity for change, as throbbing a sympathy for the under dog. But unlike Galsworthy, Gibson does not hint at remedies for ills. He shows the way human beings live and suffer and is well content if he has stirred the reader to painful thought. Three books have been issued by him under the general caption, *Daily Bread.* They contain in all seventeen poems, which do not differ greatly in tone or subject. We are told of pitmen who are caught in the coal mines, of fishermen who lose their lives at sea, of working-girls whose hands are mangled in machines, of furnace tenders who are burned by the flames they feed. We see English Hodge and his wife slaving nineteen hours a day to feed their babes, and another Hodge, drawn to the city, starving in his garret, while still another, with wife and child, trudges the road seeking a job. For through many of these poems there runs the terrible refrain:

But times are bad,
And work is slack,

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There are brutalities in these verses, too, as when a man, broken in temper by the clangor of the boiler riveter's life, cruelly attacks his wife; and heroism, as where the wife, after years of suffering, reveals that she has a cancer and is to undergo a desperate operation at the city free dispensary. But it must not be inferred that there is a too Russian note of squalour and sorrow and despair in these poems. The golden thread that runs through most of them is best explained by the poet's own prefatory verses:

All life moving to one measure—
Daily bread, daily bread—
Bread of life, and bread of labour,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand-to-mouth, and no to-morrow,
Dearth for housemate, dearth for neighbour . . .

Yet, when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?

There you have the golden thread. It is love that brings some humble flowers of poesy into their lives, and quiet heroisms, and comradeship in common dangers—the things that so rarely get themselves into print.

Sometimes the more desperate side of things comes into this verse as thus:

JESSIE: 'Twas a hard road, and long.
REUBEN: The road is hard and long the poor must travel.
JESSIE: Aye; and the end?
REUBEN: The end? Where the end lies, who knows?

Or listen to this solemn warning against the cities, so poignant at present when the census reports of all the civilised nations are showing a constant trend of population away from the land and to the great towns:

For here men starve;
Yes, men and women starve;
And starving folk are ill to live with.
Such sights I've seen!
I did not think that hell could hold such sights.
But here, where hundreds hunger,
And wander shelterless at night,
Or sleep beneath dark arches,
Or on cold benches, wrapped in soaking fog,
Here . . . here is hell!

And finally read this as the epilogue to the foregoing extracts and consider it as the explanation of a common charge in the police court:

And there's small blame to them
Who drink too much, at whiles.
There's little else the poor can get too much of:
And life, at best, is dull enough, God knows.
Sometimes it's better to forget . . .
And . . . it's a lovely dizziness.

It has been said that this poet is satisfied with a seemingly absolute transcript of facts, told in the words of the poor, and relying upon the unvarnished truth for the effect he desires to produce. But this would leave out of account one or two poems in which the dramatic effect is more highly wrought. And for this reason "The Night Shift" is perhaps the most powerful of all these dramas in little. A wife, with her new-born babe by her side, wonders why her husband, who is down in the mine with the night shift, does not return to her. It is time for him to come. He knows the great event that is impending in their lives. She can see the first grey light of the new day. She is not told by the faithful watcher at her bedside that a mine tragedy has occurred, but in some subtle way the idea comes into the fevered brain of the woman. It is converted by her into a very real and terrible picture of the tragic event that, unknown to her, has made her a helpless widow. Again and again, as she rouses herself from delirium, she is conscious of men buried underground, of the hideous drama the like of which she has heard described since infancy; she is conscious of men tapping at their fearful prison in the mad endeavour to get out to the light and air, and in her wild pain she cries out:

Will no one stop that tapping?
I cannot sleep for it.
I think that some one is shut in somewhere,
And trying to get out.
Will no one let them out
And stop the tapping?
It keeps on tapping, tapping . . .
Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .
And I can scarcely breathe,
The darkness is so thick
It stifles me,
And weighs so heavily upon me,
And drips, and drips . . .

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My hair is wet already;
There's water all about my knees.
I cannot see it,
But I feel it creeping
Higher and higher,
Cold as death, about me;
I cannot see it,
But I hear it swishing
At every step,
And feel it dripping cold—
The darkness dripping down upon me,
So cold, so cold.
And yet . . . I cannot breathe . . .
The darkness is so thick, so hot,
'Tis like a furnace-blast
Upon my brow,
And weighs so heavily upon me,
As though great rocks were hanging overhead!
And dripping, dripping . . .
I cannot lift my feet,
The water holds them,
'Tis creeping . . . creeping . . . creeping . . .
My wet hair drags me down.
Ah, God!
Will no one stop that tapping . . .
I cannot sleep . . .
And I would sleep
Till he comes home . . .
Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .
(*Sinks back exhausted.*)

In such verses and with such subjects we have been carried far from the songs of Pound and Underwood, and yet this work is one of the signs of the times. We are going to have more rather than less of it. As the world becomes more industrialised, the poets will more and more find their themes in the mines and the shops; there will be the tapping of picks and the whirring of looms to take the place of the plaintive tinkling of the mandolins.

THE AUTHOR AND PUBLICITY

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

LENOX ROWE, author of *The Long Lane,* is leaving shortly for California (Mr. Rowe is a Philadelphian), that he may prepare himself for the writing of a new novel.

J. Jefferson Johnson, whose novel of New York life, *Misunderstood,* was published some eighteen months ago, has just gone abroad for a year. His plans are rather unsettled, but much of his time will be spent in Italy. His publishers expect that during this visit another novel will take its final shape.

When he is not writing books or attending to his law practice, John Milton Mills, author of *Petals of Poesy,* finds recreation in his garden. He has always been ambitious to cultivate flowers and vegetables, and for that purpose left Philadelphia proper to lead the quiet life in a suburb.

The gifted author of *Sonny James,* Muriel Howard Smith, continues to make her home at the residence of her mother in Waycross, Georgia. Mrs. Smith is a frequent speaker before women's organisations.

Hedges Benson is now principally employed in superintending the building of his new house at Kankakee, especially of his library. Book shelves are to be built into the walls on two sides.

Thoughtful readers of book reviews in newspaper—presumably the reviews attract some thoughtful readers—must have noticed items like these cunningly marshalled under an appropriate heading—"Bookland Doings," "Authors and Their Work," "What Authors are Doing," etc. And they must have wondered at this plethora of irrelevant, insignificant and uninstructive information. Why is it printed; who wants it printed; and what purpose does it serve? If it is supposed to be a peculiarly subtle form of advertising, has it any merit as such? Does the bare statement that Lenox Rowe, a Philadelphian, has gone to California to try to write a book inflame the reader with a desire to buy that book the day it is published? And it is difficult to understand why a knowledge

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of Mr. Mills's interest in flowers and vegetables should create a demand for his poetry. Nor is it easy to see why any one except Hedges Benson and his immediate friends should care a straw whether he puts bookshelves or billiard tables in his library.

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, book reviews are not published in newspapers entirely from philanthropic motives. Altruistic as the editors are, and solicitous of the intellectual welfare of their readers, they are influenced in some degree, alas! by ulterior and rather mercenary considerations. For book reviews attract publishers' advertising, and publishers' advertising is worth while, not only on account of its volume, which is considerable, but by reason of the prestige, or class, it brings. Books in this dear land of ours are rated not as a necessity, but as one of the luxuries of life, along with automobiles, jewelry, silverware, bonds, etc. Hence strenuous competition upon the part of newspapers for advertisements of books, so that their solicitors can go out and proudly proclaim—Our paper has class, quality of circulation; our readers read books; see the ads. And to entice the ads there are book reviews, and generously thrown in along with them a plentiful supply of gossipy notes about the doings and beings of authors. They are printed, therefore, because the newspapers think the publishers want them.

In most publishing offices there is a bright young man—young because his salary is consistent only with youthfulness and hope; bright, because his duties demand brightness—who is known as the publicity man. He it is who transmutes the activities of authors into subtle newspaper paragraphs. If an author travels, the publicity man sends a note to the papers; if the author doesn't travel, the publicity man sends a note. If the author falls down stairs, flies in an aeroplane, inherits a fortune, marries, dies, writes a book or thinks of writing one, the publicity man is instantly on his job as a literary barker. Such grave and vital topics as whether the author writes in the morning, afternoon or evening, standing up or sitting down, with pen, pencil, typewriter, on white paper or yellow paper, all these things are material for the busy publicity man.

And why is it done? Why do publishers encourage it, foster it, pay for it? From mixed motives, no doubt, as in the case of most human activity. For one thing, the advertising is supposed to have some sort of value, vague and intangible as it may be. By keeping an author in the limelight, even though it be pretty dim, people become acquainted with him —this is the theory—grow interested, remember him, and are prompted to buy his books. For another thing, this sort of advertising appeals to the publisher because it is free. Great is the rejoicing of a publicity man when he "puts over a good one on" the newspaper. The publisher, too, regards with complacency a paragraph, or a quarter column, or a column, all about one of his authors, printed in a newspaper without costing a cent. And, moral precepts of our childhood to the contrary, what is really worth so much as something we can get for nothing?

But there is a third and still stronger motive. A little rift in the lute of harmonious relations between publisher and author is sometimes caused by the question of advertising. After the Scylla of royalties and the Charybdis of advance payment have been safely navigated, after the delicate problems of illustrations, cover, dedicatory note, title and many other things have been successfully negotiated, then arises the final problem of advertising. The author wants advertising, a great deal of it. The publisher also wants it, but his desires are moderated by the fact that he has to pay the bills. And lo, in the daily papers, here are these columns of "Bookland Doings," "Authors and Their Work," etc., offering a chance for direct, personal, highly flattering advertisement of authors, for nothing. It is a heaven-sent opportunity not to be despised. Hence publicity men, and the bright little notes about the doings and beings of authors flying like flocks of birds from the offices of publishers to the newspapers.

It would seem, therefore, in the last analysis, as if the author were responsible for publicity. He is the subject of it, and it is published because he enjoys it

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and wants it. But do authors, as a class, like publicity? An incident came under my observation not long ago which has a bearing upon this. An author of my acquaintance combines with a life of travel and adventure an almost morbid reticence about himself and his activities. He will leave you with a muttered "so long," and the next day depart for South Africa, or South America, or Manchuria, or to any part of the globe that is remote and offers a chance of excitement. In the same way, returning from the uttermost parts of the earth he will greet his friends with nothing more communicative than a brief "hullo." I happened to mention some incidents of this gentleman's variegated and eventful career as war correspondent and globe trotter to the publisher of one of his books. The next day that publisher's publicity man, a clever youngster with rolling eyes, called upon me.

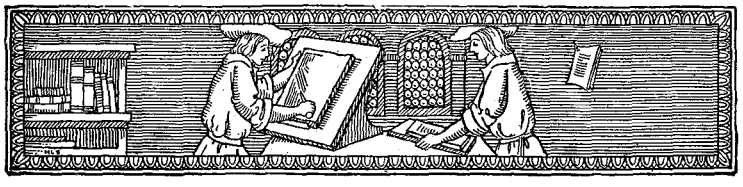
"Give me those facts," he cried; "give me all of them. I'll write them up in Kiplingesque. I'll get out some publicity that is publicity."

And he did,—fearful and wonderful notes in Kiplingesque. Whereupon the modest author promptly called upon the publisher, so promptly in fact that he had to wait for the office boy to arrive in the morning and unlock the office door. When the author did meet the publisher, his demand was brief and to the point. Either there would be no more notes, Kiplingesque or otherwise, or untold and unutterable things would happen. The notes ceased.

And publicity men tell me that authors are rarely eager for publicity. These rather insipid fragments of information about Lenox Rowe, Philadelphia, betaking himself to California, the gardening proclivities of the "Petals of Poesy" poet, and all the rest of them do not, as a rule, come trippingly from the tongues of the heroes of these little romances. Instead, they are cunningly extracted by publicity men from innocent letters and unguarded conversations.

So far from promoting this sort of thing, many authors are opposed to it, and refuse point blank to furnish their innermost secrets for exploitation. Many, in fact the majority, accept publicity in a spirit of resignation, as a necessary evil that seems to be in some way bound up with the trade of writing. For an author, unless he has been spoiled, is usually a sane and normal person, not particularly vain or puffed up, and much more interested in making his book "go" than in creating a stir about himself. In fact, this perfectly natural desire on his part to have his book succeed, is at the bottom of much publicity. He is told that the limelight pays; the public expect it; that it stimulates interest in his book. As a consequence he is willing, not without some reluctance, to stifle his native modesty and let the publicity man have his own way. There are, of course, noisy self-advertisers among writers, as among other people, but they are the exception.

If we go back to our "Bookland Doings," "Authors and Their Work," and other clever chronicles of unimportant matters, we discover a curious state of affairs in connection with them. For the newspapers publish such things chiefly because they think the publishers like them, and will show their appreciation by advertising. The publishers provide the material mainly because they think it gratifies their authors. And authors enter into the game chiefly because it seems to be expected of them. All of which leads to the pertinent question,—What, after all, is the use of "Bookland Doings," and "Authors and Their Work?" What, in other words, is the use of publicity?



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THE SILENT WARRIOR

BY HERBERT HERON

Here, within this high-walled, shady garden,
I have stood for centuries, alone —
I, the iron soldier Kalon sculptured
For the proud Sicilian tyrant's throne.

When the gaunt and withered host of Carthage
Reeled into the city battle-worn,
I, from Kalon's dying arms unloosened,
Royal prize! to Africa was borne.

Came my journey's end in green Ravenna:
Furious siege and battle rumbled far.
Silent I have stood through countless decades,
Seeing petty deaths and mimic war.

Year by year the people changed around me;
I alone, immortal, stayed the same.
Language, arts, and kings have risen upward:
Kings and people only live in name.

Ah! the foul intrigue — and fouler boldness —
My unmoving, sleepless eyes have seen;
And the sounds my open ears have gathered,
In this garden sheltered and serene!

Subtle wrongs have filled my heart with horror;
Tragic moods my yearning brain have seared.
Many men and women I have hated,
Men and women uselessly endeared.

Always I have seen in futile anger
Crimes of which the garden never speaks;
I was born to gaze on splendid ruin,
Born to hear the battle-cry of Greeks!

Roman legions marching north to conquest
Held me through the White Republic's glare;
Tuscan armies routed in their glory,
Saved my soul from sickness and despair.

Hundred years by hundred years pass onward:
I have stood in silence in the grove,
Longing to assist, in all my knowledge,
Those I learned to honour and to love.

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Never till to-day has speech awakened;
Never have I held the power to kill.
Now at last my heart in triumph rises;
Hot desires my beating pulses thrill.

Fallen here, across my bended ankle,
Lies a living strand of burnished wire;
Through it runs the lightning of Hephæstus,
Plunging all my body in its fire.

And for one brief moment I am human!
Love, revenge, and joy my being fill.
Deadly am I now to those who touch me;
Splendidly I now can do my will!

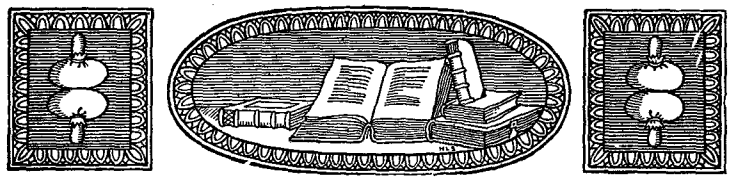
Ah, that I might save the proud, sweet lady,
Whom my heart in undertone adores,
From the one whom she must call her husband,
While the throbbing current through me pours!

Let but now that cold, inhuman consort —
He whose rancour pales his fair young wife—
Wander here among the trees and flowers,
Touch me while my veins are filled with life!

Silent, through the centuries that follow,
I would stand with spirit satisfied,
If I once might grasp this loathsome creature,
Speak my hatred to him as he died!

Hark! I hear a footfall there behind me —
O thou God of Christians, it is she!
Must thou then be rescued from thy torment
Only through thy death? So let it be!

Where the bitter anguish of thy living
Brought thee, ever beautiful, to weep —
Here, within my longing arms enfolded,
Safe at last from sorrow, thou shalt sleep.



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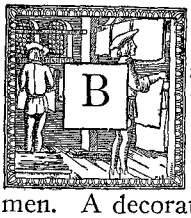
THE DECORATIVE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



OTH in painting and in sculpture, the decorative artist labours under limitations more precisely technical than those which are imposed upon his freer fellow-craftsmen. A decorative painting must fit the room that it is destined to adorn; and, to this end, its mere patterning of lines and colours becomes more important than the subject it sets forth. A decorative bit of sculpture must be moulded in reference to the general architectural design of which it is a mere detail; and it cannot be judged by the same standards that we apply to the appreciation of a statue modelled by and for itself.

In the exercise of every art there are two steps,—first, a selection of details from nature, and second, an arrangement of the details selected, in accordance with a pattern. To the ordinary painter, the ordinary sculptor, the first of these steps is the more important of the two; and his work will interest us mainly on account of the details he has decided to select from nature. But to the decorative artist, the pattern is of prime importance: it scarcely matters what details he chooses to exhibit, so long as he arranges them in accordance with a satisfying scheme.

The ordinary painting must tell us something about life: if it be a portrait, it must exhibit the painter's appreciation of a person; if it be a landscape, it must exhibit his appreciation of some phase of out-of-doors; but the decorative painting may deal with either cabbages or kings, without expressing any sympathy with either, provided that the motive be developed in a composition that shall be harmonious in itself and appropriate in line and colour to the room that it completes. The same distinction holds in sculpture. If any single figure in that serried rank of kings that is strung across the façade of Notre Dame de Paris were taken down from its niche and set up on a pedestal, it would look abnormally tall and slender, and curiously cramped; because, like any ordinary statue, it would then be set in competition with nature. But, in its proper place, the figure is not intended to compete with nature: it is intended merely to continue, and not disrupt, a pattern that covers the face of an entire building.

It will be seen that the art of decoration is, of all the arts, the most removed from nature. It is the one art in which the subject-matter is of very small account and the technical presentment is of overwhelming importance. An egg is not an interesting object, and neither is a dart; but the egg-and-dart moulding that the Greeks developed is so superbly decorative that it has held its own, against all attempts at innovation, throughout immemorable centuries. In decoration, art is exercised solely for the sake of art. The decorative painter values lines and colours, the decorative sculptor values forms and shadows, utterly for their own sakes, without particular reference to the objects which happen to furnish them to his hand. But the ordinary painter, the ordinary sculptor, works with his eye upon the object: the object interests him in and for itself, and he marshals technical details merely to minister to his purpose to render the thing as he sees it.

A good painting, a good statue, awakens us to a realisation of life; but a good decoration relieves us from such a realisation. Paintings and statues assert the importance of nature; but decorations assert the importance of art. The painter and the sculptor ask us to admire a subject; but the decorator asks us to admire a pattern.

If, with this distinction in our minds, we compare the contributions of Puvis de Chavannes and Edwin A. Abbey to the walls of the Boston Public Library, we shall see that the Frenchman excels from the decorative standpoint and that the American excels from the pictorial standpoint. It is the merit of the panels of Puvis that they melt into the sur-

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rounding marble and refuse to arrest the transitory eye by reminding it of life. The mild and misty colours, the conventional and uninsistent outlines, abstain from capturing attention to the subjects that are touched upon; and the wanderer comes away, remembering that he has climbed a lovely stairway but forgetting that he has paused to look at pictures. But Abbey's Tennysonian narrative of the legend of Sir Galahad attracts attention to itself, reminds the loiterer of life, and makes him utterly forget that he is in a building. It disrupts the room that it was meant to decorate, by rendering the observer impatient of a roof. From the technical standpoint, it spoils the room by sweeping it away.

Readers of these pages do not need to be reminded that the drama, in this modern age, has tended to become more visual than auditory in its medium of appeal, and has allied itself, in recent years, more with the art of painting than with the art of literature. Ever since the adoption of the picture-frame proscenium, the prevalent and customary play has been pictorial. But very recently it has occurred to certain producers to go a step further and to handle the drama not merely as a series of pictures, but, finally, as a series of decorations. That interesting, inconsistent theorist, Mr. Gordon Craig, is one of the leaders of this movement; but its most successful practical exponent has been Professor Max Reinhardt of Berlin.

Professor Reinhardt at the present time [he began his career in conformity with other theories] conceives an acted play as a bit of decoration. He does not desire that a drama should offer a judgment or a criticism of life: he desires, rather, that it should offer a continuously seductive pattern of lines and colours, forms and shadows, to the eye. In his present view, the drama should not, like a picture, compete with nature by awakening the spectator to a realisation of life: it should, rather, like a decoration, satisfy the spectator by an utterly æsthetic patterning of visual details. Whereas, in recent years, the majority of our theatric artists have been striving to return to nature, Professor Reinhardt is now endeavouring to get away from it. He does not ask us to be interested primarily in life: he asks us to be interested primarily in art.

This consideration should be borne in mind in any criticism of the pantomime of *Sumurûn,* which has recently been represented in America. This production of Professor Reinhardt's may be taken as a type of the Decorative Drama; and it should, properly, be appreciated by some critic of the decorative arts instead of by a critic of the theatre. By divesting the drama of the spoken word, Professor Reinhardt has removed it from the realm of literature and bereaved it of any reference to actuality: he has conceived it, rather, as a continuous frieze of flitting, ever fluctuating, decorations.

"Sumurûn"

A glance at any scene in *Sumurûn* indicated that this Oriental panorama should be judged less as drama than as painting, and less as painting than as decoration. The stage-pictures were rendered in that particular style of secessionistic artistry that is popularly known in Germany as the "Jugend-Stil." It gets its name from the fact that, although the original inspiration came from Paris, it became most popular in Germany through the work of a clever group of artists illustrating the satirical magazines, "Jugend" and "Simplizissimus." They made it an effective fashion for all decorative purposes. They found that flat backgrounds, utterly lacking in perspective, that striking outlines and solid blocks of colour [they favoured Egyptian angles for the rendering of figures], served particularly well for poster and cartoon work,—for work, in other words, in which an idea had to be impressed in an instant on the spectator, even in the most careless glance, so emphatically that it should remain for some time in his memory. This method—a method devised, in the first instance, for the adornment of magazine covers—Professor Reinhardt has adopted for the uses of the Decorative Drama.

He divests his backgrounds of perspective lines, and renders them in monochrome. In consequence, they stop the eye, and fling into vivid relief the costumes of the actors. These costumes

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are designed not as dresses, in reference to life, but as blocks of colour, in reference to art; and the colours are simple in themselves and harmonious with one another. The method of the entire decoration is impressionistic. It proceeds by the suppression of details, and by the arrangement of the very few details selected, in accordance with a pattern of conventional simplicity. The lighting of the stage is emphatically simple. In the scene of the Sheik's bed-chamber, which may be taken as typical, there are only two light-values,—a lantern at the head of the stairway, and a streaming light cast down funnel-wise over the bed of the Sheik. The most impressive scene of the entire play is a mere procession of all the characters across the stage, before a blank wall of unobtrusive grey, above which is seen a black palace, drawn, without perspective, upon a sky of slate.

The drama thus exhibited as decoration tells in pantomime two distinct but intricately intertangled stories, accompanied by interpretative music patterned, in post-Wagnerian fashion, out of the intermingling of appropriate "leading motives." It is unnecessary, in this consideration, to summarise either of these narratives. Both of them are inevitably violent, since they must tell themselves immediately to the eye without the aid of words. The passion of love must express itself in lust, the passion of revenge must express itself in murder, the mood of humour must express itself in physical buffoonery, in a narrative that is conceived as decoration.

In America, the subject-matter of *Sumurûn* seems to have astounded a certain section of the public [and even a certain number of the newspaper reviewers] by its absolute divorce from all morality. It is, of course, unimaginable that a decoration should be either moral or immoral. A mere pattern of lines and colours suggests no logical association with life; and it is only in the sphere of life that a distinction between morality and immorality can have any pertinence. In life, for instance, murder is indubitably an immoral occupation; but if a decorative artist, desiring merely a splash of red to complete a colour-composition, should choose to represent a murdered man dripping the harmless necessary pool of blood, it would be illogical to accuse him of immorality. Such an art as decoration, which has nothing to do with life, must not be judged in terms of life; and *Sumurûn,* though lust and murder run rampant through its decorative narrative, is no more immoral than the egg-and-dart moulding that adorns the buildings of the world. To conceive such decoration as immoral is to confess a lack of culture. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

"The Bird of Paradise"

The Bird of Paradise, by Mr. Richard Walton Tully, is more pictorial than decorative. It presents a series of very appealing pictures of an island in Hawaii; and the native rites and customs are illustrated by a number of Kanakas, who adorn the stage with their graceful bodies and dainty costumes, and make sweet music upon plaintive instruments.

The story is set in the revolutionary days of the early nineties, when the life of Hawaii was vacillating between an inherited savagery and an imported civilisation; and the purpose of the story is to exhibit the different effects produced on two contrasted characters by this chaos of irreconcilable influences. One of these characters, an American physician named Paul Wilson, sinks from civilisation to savagery because he marries a native princess named Luana and allows his energy to be undermined by the lassitude of native life; and the other, a drunken beach-comber named "Ten-Thousand-Dollar" Dean, rearises from savagery to civilisation under the influence of a sturdy American girl named Diana Larned, who came out to the islands as the fiancèe of Wilson, but who ultimately marries the man she has regenerated. The most pathetic figure in the story is the native girl, Luana. When at last she comes to realise that she has ruined the life of the man that she has loved, she offers herself as a sacrifice to the unpropitious gods and leaps into the boiling crater of Kilauea.

The theme of this story is more impressive than the treatment of it. The author might have made a great play if he had exhibited the gradual stages of

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the disintegration of one character and the reintegration of another under the influence of two contrasted phases of the same environment; but he chose to assume that all of this had been accomplished off the stage in the long lapse of time between his first and second acts, and then kept on writing for two acts more, after his dramatic struggle had been already won and lost. As a result, the play as a whole is disappointing, because it fails to fufil a promise that is suggested at the outset.

"SUMURÛN"—SCENE 3—IN FRONT OF THE SHEIK'S PALACE

"Professor Reinhardt divests his backgrounds of perspective lines, and renders them in monochrome. In consequence, they stop the eye, and fling into vivid relief the costumes of the actors."

The Talker, by Miss Marion Fairfax, is another play that impresses the spectator as being not so good as it really ought to be. The material is well worthy of presentation in a play; but the author, for the most part, has set it forth abstractly in talk, instead of translating it into the concrete terms of dramatic action. Every character says his say [or rather, in many cases, the author's say] about the theme, to such considerable length that the auditor begins to wish that more of the story might manage to tell itself without the use of words. Yet the things said are impressively sincere; and the story offers an earnest criticism of a dangerous phase of American life that is at present common.

"The Talker"

Harry Lenox and his wife are living in the suburbs, in a house that they are buying on the instalment plan. Harry's business takes him to town every morning and sends him home tired every night. They have no children; and Mrs. Lenox, having nothing to do, spends her time reading "advanced" books and writing silly papers for her woman's club about the enfranchisement of women and the freedom of the individual. Being incapable of thought, she talks continually, and assails her family and friends with the unconventional theories of life that she has only half digested. By way of asserting the freedom of the individual, she establishes a platonic friendship with a certain automobile-agent, who takes her out in his sample car and talks to her

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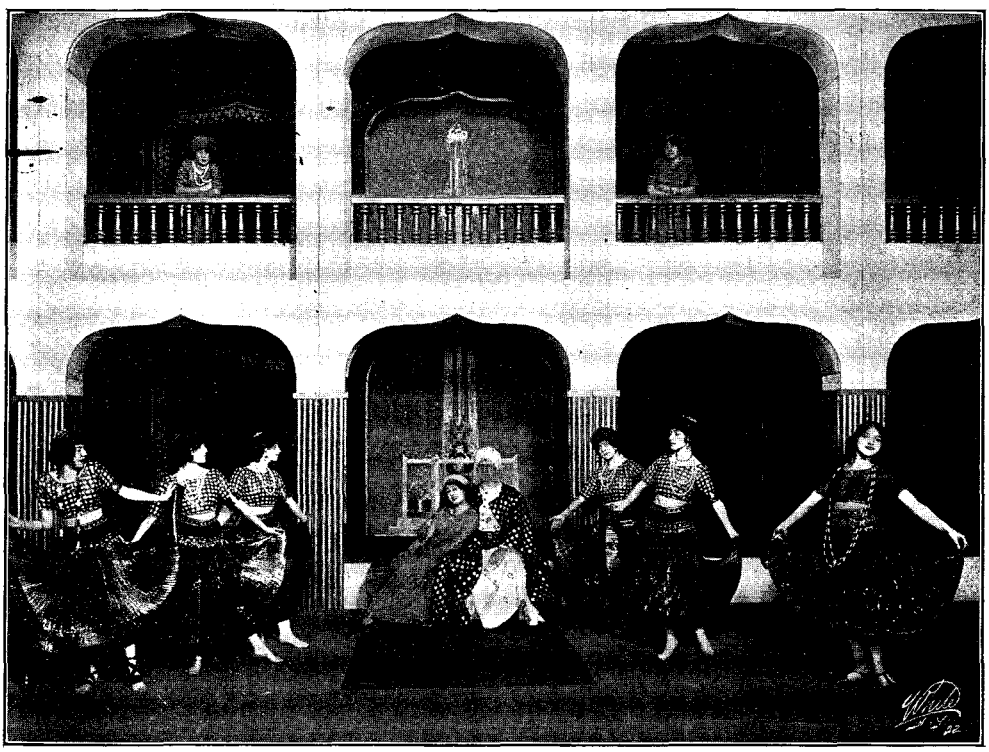
as people talk in novels that are written by enfranchised women. This fellow-theorist makes love behind her back to Harry Lenox's little sister, who is living in her house; and the young girl's mind has been so poisoned by Mrs. Lenox's continual talk about the freedom of love that she easily falls a victim to his advances and elopes with him to Chicago. The man is married, and soon deserts her; and after the little girl has drifted home, Mrs. Lenox turns over a new leaf and alters her attitude toward life.



"SUMURÛN"—SCENE 7—IN THE HAREM

"The method of the entire decoration is impressionistic. It proceeds by the suppression of details, and by the arrangement of the very few details selected, in accordance with a pattern of conventional simplicity."

There were many things the matter with *Lydia Gilmore,* the latest play of that good and faithful servant of the theatre, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Much of the dialogue was, of course, admirably written; and there were many interesting moments in the first two acts; but the piece as a whole was far from satisfactory.

"Lydia Gilmore"

In the first place, the material was scarcely worthy of Mr. Jones's talents. The story was a strong one; but it was entirely melodramatic, and offered the characters no opportunity to dominate the incidents. The story also was not, in any real sense, about anything; and, in consequence, it afforded the author no opportunity to render a criticism of life.

In the second place, the play was badly built. It began with two acts of detailed and thorough preparation and ended with two empty acts in which nothing notable was developed out of the material at hand. A woman who does not love her husband agrees, for the sake of her little boy, to perjure herself in the effort to establish an alibi to clear him, after he has confessed to her that he has been caught in a guilty intrigue with another man's wife and, in the resultant quarrel, has killed the outraged husband. The case for the prosecution is assigned to a barrister who loves the heroine and who decides, for her sake, to insure her hus-

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band's acquittal by rehearsing her in the most effective answers to the questions that subsequently he will ask her at the trial.

It will be seen that thus far two moral problems have been broached,—the heroine's and the barrister's; and it is evident that an effective continuation of the play might be accomplished by the development of either. But after this point, nothing really happened in Mr. Jones's rary social play. Soliloquies are barred in this typical modern masterpiece; and the butler gets around the prohibition by reading a newspaper aloud to a piece of bric-a-brac. The actors solicitously ask permission of each other before venturing to express themselves in an aside. A breakfast is served, at which neither the hero nor the heroine eats a mouthful, after which they rise replenished. The lights are turned on or off, without any

"A SLICE OF LIFE"

"This one-act burlesque is ironically labelled 'an advanced drama'; and its sole purpose is to make fun of many of the stock conventions of the contemporary social play."

handling of the plot. The heroine broke down at the trial; her husband conveniently committed suicide between the acts; and in the end the tired heroine fell asleep.

"A Slice of Life"

In a bit of buffoonery termed *A Slice of Life,* Mr. J. M. Barrie has made the theatre satirise itself. This one-act burlesque is ironically labelled "an advanced drama"; and its sole purpose is to make fun of many of the stock conventions of the contempological motive, to increase the tensity of tragic suspense. And whenever a point needs to be expounded, one of the actors calls up an imaginary person on the telephone and addresses the necessary explanation into the machine.

The story deals with the tragic discovery of Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown that their married life has been a lie. Before they accepted each other in matrimony, each had given the other an assurance that his past life had been appallingly immoral. But the truth is that each had

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lived a blameless past; and the revelation of this deficiency awakens the married couple to a realisation that they must part. Mr. Hyphen-Brown is solicitous about their child, until his wife reminds him that they have no child. They toss a coin to determine which of them shall go away; but ultimately they decide that it will be more convenient for them to

"Lady Patricia"

The dialogue of *Lady Patricia,* a comedy by Mr. Rudolf Besier, is written wittily and prettily; but the story is a little thin and the construction is monotonous. The piece is designed as a satire of æsthetic affectation. Lady Patricia is an exquisite and artificial creature,—a sort of hot-house

"LADY PATRICIA"—ACT I—LADY PATRICIA, MRS. FISKE

"She lingers for long hours on a platform built in an oak-tree, reading love poems from parchment manuscripts."

part together. So, hand in hand, they go forth into the light.

This burlesque is very funny; but it lacks the charm that we have learned to expect from Mr. Barrie. It is the only one of all his pieces, large or little, that might have been written just as well by anybody else. It has no sentiment, no whimsicality, no fancy. It is broadly comic instead of slyly humorous. In *A Slice of Life,* amusing as it is, Mr. Barrie has chosen to forget his greatness; but he is the spoiled child of our theatre, and we must let him play his pranks.

flower. She lingers for long hours on a platform built in an oak-tree, reading love poems from parchment manuscripts and watching the sunset through an opening in the leaves. She regards her solemn husband, Michael Cosway, as lacking in romance, and imagines herself to be ardently in love with Bill O'Farrell, an utterly unæsthetic youth who lives near by. Meanwhile, Michael, who is also a dreamer, batters himself into an apparently fervid affection for a tom-boy of a girl named Clare Lesley. Bill and Clare really love each other; but for a time they allow themselves to be held

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apart by a disconcerting sense that each is bound in loyalty to his more elderly admirer. But Clare's father and Bill's mother discover the true state of affairs; and, during the progress of this discovery, renew an old romance of their own. As a result of their manœuvrings, Bill and Clare become engaged; and Patricia and Michael are thereby forced to confess to each other their imaginary infidelities.

"Preserving Mr. Panmure"

Sir Arthur Pinero wrote *Preserving Mr. Panmure* as a relaxation from the strenuous task of composing *The Thunderbolt* and *Mid-Channel* in quick succession. The merits of the present piece are mainly technical. The material is trivial and slight; but the development displays an ingenuity of which no other artist than Sir Arthur could be capable. The third act, which is fabricated out of next to nothing, is a triumph of deft manipulation. Of the pattern as a whole, it is impossible for the American critic to judge, since the last act, as originally planned and written by the author, has not been presented in America. Three acts of the piece are given; the fourth act has been discarded; and in its place is offered a new act by the same author, which is entertaining in itself, but which does not work the pattern out to a logical completion. It is, in effect, an independent one-act play, in which three

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE"—ACT III

"The governess destroys the manuscript of Panmure's prospective sermon, and sends him forth to preach impromptu to the servants."

The structure of this story, particularly in the second act, is altogether too symmetrical. There is too complete a balance between scene and scene and character and character. When Patricia and Bill have covered certain ground, the audience foresees that Michael and Clare will subsequently cover the same ground; and this expectancy is never varied by surprise. The story is too tenuous to endure such insistent repetition of the main satiric points. Yet the literary tone of the dialogue is so delightful that, in spite of this defect, the play is entertaining.

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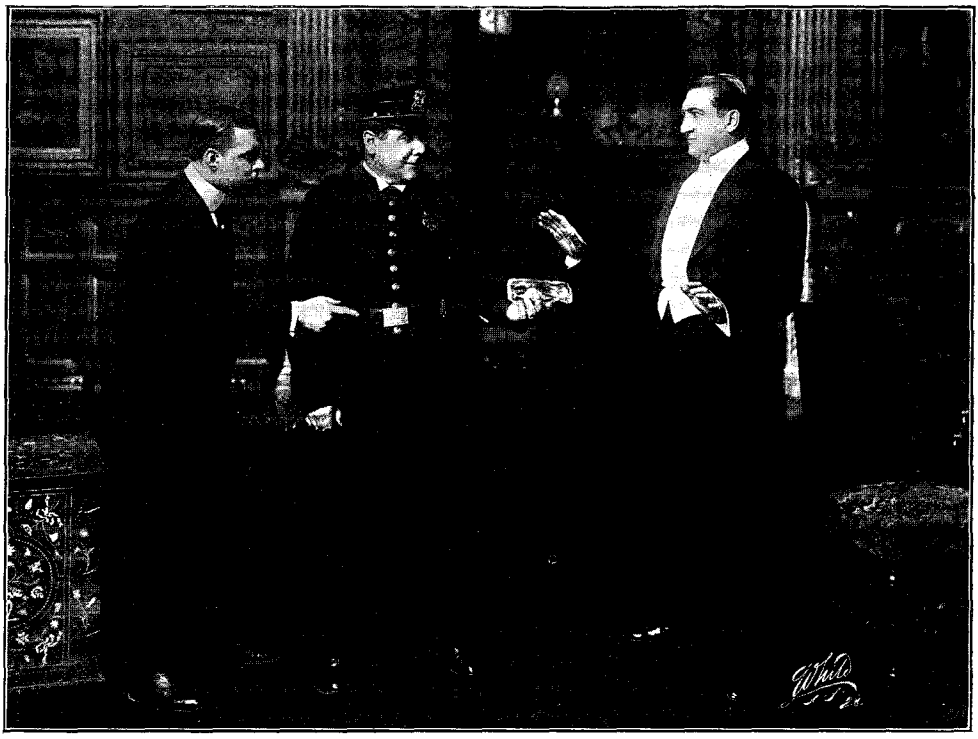
characters selected from the preceding incompleted comedy happen, by some odd providence, to reappear. The new act was written to please Mr. Charles Frohman. He does not seem to have altered his idea of how a play should end since the memorable occasion when he persuaded M. Bernstein to delete the inevitable suicide at the close of *Israel* and



"OFFICER 666"—ACT I

"The hero bribes a policeman to lend him his uniform; and taking the law into his own hands, outwits the malefactor."

to marry the hero off instead to a maiden in a picture-hat.

Preserving Mr. Panmure is designed as a satire of that sanctimonious hypocrisy which may be observed in many a British household. The smug and unctuous Mr. Panmure, at the behest of his religious-minded wife, is accustomed to preach a weekly sermon to his assembled servants, and expects an absolute respectability of behaviour from his guests. At a loss for a subject for his "sermonette," he is aided by the pretty governess of his little daughter, and, in an outburst of approbation, kisses her. A kiss, in the Panmure household, is a crime. Panmure is remorseful; and the governess is so perturbed that she gives away the scandal to Mrs. Panmure's aunt. The latter communicates the dire intelligence at once to all the other women in the household,—each of whom, since the governess refuses to betray the name of her assailant (although she expressly exonerates Mr. Panmure), at once suspects her own husband or fiancé, as the case may be, of being the guilty man. Panmure himself is required by his wife to cross-question all the other men and reprove them each and all for the offence. Two of the guests, an M. P. named Stulkely and his secretary named Woodhouse, discover that Panmure is the culprit before he comes to lecture them. They are thereby primed to call him down; and after they have beaten him into abjection, Woodhouse takes the guilt upon himself and confesses to the assembled women. The governess de-

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stroys the manuscript of Panmure's prospective sermon, and sends him forth to preach impromptu to the servants, at the close of the third act.

What happens in the fourth act only those who saw the play in London know.

The mood of the piece throughout is one of irresponsible vivacity, and several of the incidents are playfully preposterous. Yet the people in the play are rendered not as caricatures but as characters: they are much more true to life than the figures usually shown in farce. The dialogue, of course, is brilliantly witty. The work as a whole is an interesting instance of fine craftsmanship applied to trivial material.

"THE GREYHOUND"—ACT III, SCENE 2

"The poker-game in the smoking-room, in which a card-sharper is outwitted by a detective who used to be a card-sharper himself."

Melodrama and farce are closely similar in method, since in each the incidents control the characters. Often it would be possible to make the same plot serve for either a melodrama or a farce, according to the mood selected for the rendering; and at times it becomes possible to intermingle both effects by planning a play as a melodrama and writing it as a farce. This is what was done by Mr. Augustin Mac Hugh in his melodramatic farce entitled *Officer 666*.

"Officer 666"

A rich young millionaire, returning from abroad, finds that an impostor has assumed his name and gained access to his mansion on Fifth Avenue. The impostor is about to make away with his valuable collection of pictures; and also, masquerading as the millionaire, has all but won the heart of a girl with whom the millionaire himself has just fallen in love at first sight. The hero bribes a policeman to lend him his uniform; and taking the law into his own hands, outwits the malefactor, and saves both his pictures and the girl.

This story, almost as the author plotted it, might have been told seriously, as melodrama; instead, it is told merrily, as farce; and the effect of the mix-

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"OLIVER TWIST," ACT III—NAT GOODWIN AS FAGIN, LYN HARDING AS BILL SIKES AND CONSTANCE COLLIER AS NANCY

"Fagin is the central figure in Mr. Carr's dramatisation, although Bill Sikes and Nancy are also fairly prominent."

"OLIVER TWIST"—ACT III, SCENE I—FAGIN'S DEN

"It is interesting to see these characters of the great popular novelist impersonated on the stage."

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ture of moods is entertaining. The piece is not well written: there is neither wit nor humour in the lines, and the people are not realised as characters; but the plot is replete with clever surprises, and the action dashes along in an easy mood of merriment.

"The Greyhound"

The authors of *The Deep Purple,* which was a clever play of its kind, appear at a comparative disadvantage in their latest melodrama, called *The Greyhound.* Once again Mr. Paul Armstrong and Mr. Wilson Mizner have concocted a story in which the leading characters are thieves and thugs; but the plot is lacking in thrills and the slang dialogue is deficient in humour.

After the first act, all of the scenes are set on the *Mauretania,* in transit from New York to Liverpool; but this uncustomary setting contributes little to the plot, except at the very final moment, when the hero (or arch-villain) leaps headlong into the sea.

Throughout the play the authors repeatedly make the mistake of discounting their best effects by explaining them too fully in advance. The poker-game in the smoking-room, for instance, in which a card-sharper is outwitted by a detective who used to be a card-sharper himself, would be more interesting if the detective had not told the audience, in the preceding scene, every card that he intended to deal. Time and again, the crooks reveal in advance, and in complete detail, their plans for fleecing their fellow-passengers; so that when the fleecing actually comes, it seems as tedious as a twice-told tale.

"Oliver Twist"

It is impossible to make a good play out of a Dickens novel; but Mr. J. Comyns Carr has at least fashioned a fairly coherent melodrama in his version of *Oliver Twist,* which has recently been presented, with an excellent cast of actors,—ostensibly in celebration of the Dickens centenary. Fagin is the central figure in Mr. Carr's dramatisation, although Bill Sikes and Nancy are also fairly prominent. It is interesting to see these characters of the great popular novelist impersonated on the stage; and they afford easy opportunities for the exercise of good acting. But, in these days of the Decorative Drama, even the best dramatisation of Dickens must seem old-fashioned as a play.

BOSTON TO BURSLEY

BY JOHN MACY

(Read at a dinner to Mr. Arnold Bennett, at the St. Botolph Club, in Boston.)

We like our town, the same as you like yours,
Because we live here, and it's all we've got;
And living in a place and liking it,
Seeing it with a deep affectionate wisdom —
That is the soul of art. Now and again
A man with eyes for the significant
Stands spokesman for the rest of us, and says
He likes the place that cradled him, the life
That gave him life, the speech that gave him thought,
The everlasting daily mess of things
In which he grew. That's all there is to art.

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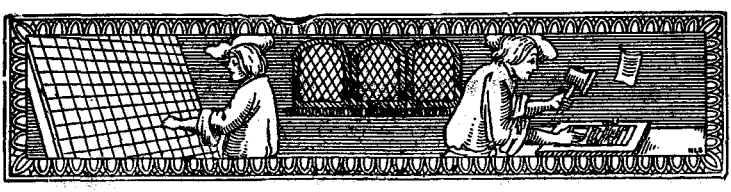
It seems an age since any in this town
Saw it and said it. Thirty years have gone
Since blindness fell on our parochial seers,
And the red lips of truth were stricken dumb.
A million people go about our streets,
Live in the houses, procreate and die;
A wonderful performance unrecorded!
In all the years I've known this mighty town,
This backward, busy, inarticulate town,
No local voice has flowered into speech,
Or I, who have an eager, open ear,
Have missed the word, if it was said.

'Tis strange,
This brawling city, with broad-chested men,
To two or three weak-wristed academics
Commits the masculine and joyful task
Of saying what the town means now — means now! —
This teeming populous, human wonder-world,
At least as vital as when once it spoke
In prophecy and song and praise of life.
Then other towns took notice of our town
And found it on the map of thought. To-day
The railroad prints the only map that counts.

And still we like our town because it's ours.
We have a heart for any man who finds
His own town so amazing, that he flings
News of its life to all the living world.
You sent the Five Towns far across the seas;
From Five Towns cups we drink an English brew
Most English-breakfasty, and smelling sweet
Of magic spirits, "sacred and profane."
You made us denizens of Staffordshire.
We know the houses, hang our Sunday hats
In any hall in Bursley, go right in,
Sit down and are at home.

Thanks for those towns,
Provincial, commonplace, until you wrought
The miracle of art, and made them live
In that ungeographic universe,
Where all imaginations find their kin.
You gave your towns to us in books. To you
We offer in return not books but men.
Stay with us long, take anything you like;
Dear Fellow-citizens, our town is yours.



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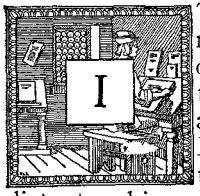
THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

Chapter I



IT was Autumn. The morning was early. Out of a luminous mist the the sun had just risen above the horizon. Everywhere there was the sense of that far-distant waking of the world, when a cock crows in the East, another faintly answers him in the West and then all is still.

Already the shepherd was out with his dog on Bredon Hill; a motionless figure on the hillside, destroying none of that illusion in his silent watchfulness that the world was yet asleep.

From the dense hawthorn bushes on the hill a dim twittering of birds came intermittently as though the light of the sun were stealing through their windows, stirring them against all inclination to the necessities of another day. After each faint rustling of their voices, doubtless they laid down their heads again on the warm pillow of their wings—sparrows, greenfinches, chaffinches, all alike. There was just that cold catch in the air which made the morning as yet too early to be abroad. Still, in another moment, they were chattering once more. When the sun calls you, there is little use in procrastination. You must get up.

There was twittering of birds then upon the hillside, but down in the valley, where the Avon stretched through the grey meadows, the moist air still hung close and heavily. There, the only sound was the rushing of the water as it tumbled over the old weir by Trafford Mill. To those who know that sound well, the valley might well have been silent, for the sun had not as yet dispersed the chill veiling of the mist and almost everything that lived was still sleeping in its bed.

Across the meadows, there stood the great encampment of an army, the ghostly white tents of the mist, the dim forms of the willows and the may-trees, like horses tethered by their side. Only the cattle moved there—a cow at early grazing, shifting one reluctant step at a time and with another being lost amidst the white encampment of the mist.

By the river side, the tips of the reeds pricked out, a thousand bayonet points into the sun. The pale pink of the willow herb had already faintly caught the light; and above all this, away up into the zenith of the cloudless sky was a glow of golden primrose gilding the tops of the elm trees and wrapping the heights of the uplands in the warm promise of a faultless day.

Through infinite degrees the soft moisture melted beneath the sun, until only the spiders' webs, stretched taut upon the reddening brambles, were grey—such lace a fairy might have wrapped about her shoulders.

And now the birds began in noisy squabblings to dart out from the hedgerows. That far silent figure of the shepherd moved at last. For a moment his dog and he became living things, then both were gone from sight below the hill. A mile away, the clock of Eckington church tolled out the hour of six and, with the last stroke of it, from the mill house, came the sound of an opening window. A boy appeared against the darkness of the room beyond, an instant stayed there, he next had clambered out upon the sill, slid easily down a water pipe to the ground and disappeared in the dark growth of laurels which enclosed the little garden of the mill.

At that hour of the morning the earth belongs to those who need her; the ploughman is emperor of his thousand furrows, the shepherd, king of all the wide uplands he can see. Even the boy, unchaining his dog from the old barrel in the yard and setting forth across the wet meadows to the first rise of the hill, even he felt the swelling pride of pos-

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session and, when he was out of hearing of the house, let go his voice in a boastful song.

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great men as these—"

which meant that [illegible] than any one of [illegible] and the orchards, [illegible] river—one and all [illegible] he passed beneath [illegible] apple trees, he [illegible] branch and [illegible] burying his teeth [illegible] as he [illegible] ward. Was there anyone to [illegible] At that hour of the morning, [illegible] world [illegible] in was his own.

Along [illegible] hedges as he pased, [illegible] of greenfinches sped before him, [illegible] whenever they had made distance, [illegible] at the bryony berries while there was [illegible] before he overtook them. It was always by the hedges, too, he walked. In those dark crevices at the roots of the hedge trees, Nature hides all her secrets of the world. Dicky knew that. He knew that if he were only as small as a field mouse or as nimble as a wren, he might discover why God had made the earth. Being neither one nor the other, he had to content himself with walking in the fields on the very fringe of mystery.

Once or twice that morning he stopped to examine an old nest which the autumn falling of the leaf had disclosed, and always aloud to himself—for when you are young enough to be certain of these things, you always speak aloud—he would declare the [illegible] bird that had built it, whether it or not.

And it was [illegible] nests, but everything in Nature seemed to catch his eye. A [illegible] in the hedge, the lightning [illegible] stoat as it sped across [illegible] that hidden world of its own [illegible] of a kestrel planing down [illegible] rigid wing; not one of these things escaped him. He was all eyes, ever [illegible] when suddenly he stood still—for [illegible] soon learn it is the motion [illegible] not matter itself which [illegible] little creatures of the [illegible] air—then the rough-haired terrier stopped on the moment at his heels. There they both listened or both watched until the stoat had vanished or the kestrel swung out of sight beyond the hill.

No matter how strong they may be, a dog will ever mould his instincts to the needs of his master. Against all promptings of his nature, Pilgrim would listen or watch in silence. Once he had chased a weasel, had brought back its mangled body and laid it at Dicky's feet. It had been a great chase, a memorable victory, but, by all computation, was not so great a deed as he had expected. Certainly Dicky was very glad to get it. He had kept it beneath his bed for a week hoping to preserve its skeleton, but the odour of decomposition had reached his father's nostrils and a burial in the garden became compulsory. Notwithstanding this acquisition, Pilgrim had to be thrashed and the pain of it led him to suppose that chasing those fascinating things which ran like lightning into the hedges was not considered in the same light as he himself regarded it. Against all temptation, then, when his master stopped he stopped as well. Undoubtedly his ears were pricked. His eyes nearly tumbled out of his head, and little tremours quivered swiftly down his spine. Still in the back of that intelligent head of his was the dim memory of some painful blows with a stick. It was better to imagine the chase.

But in the evenings when he came home after a long day in the fields, curling himself up in front of the parlour fire to sleep, these imaginations became realities. He dreamed of the stoats and the rabbits he had refused to kill and his stiff hair would bristle. Then a leg suddenly would shoot forth and a few moans come from him, ending with a sharp, short bark. At this he would wake up to find the lamp still burning on the table and Dicky's father peering at him from over the top of his spectacles.

But this morning in Autumn there were no rabbits and never a stoat or a weasel crossed their path. Though the river mist had vanished, there still clung to the earth that chill damp of the air. It hung from the tops of the leaves on the willow trees in glittering points of water. Pilgrim and Dicky walked alone.

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When they reached the foot of Bredon Hill, they stopped and Dicky looked expectantly about him. No human being was to be seen. By now the shepherd was far over the hill and only a few sheep grazing were in sight. He raised his hands to his mouth and cried a call. The sound of it sped upward over the hillside, and, as it carried away into the still silence of the morning, made the world to Dicky seem a bigger place than he had believed. One moment for its travelling and then there came an answering cry from the direction in which he had turned.

"He's coming," said Dicky. Pilgrim's nostrils widened and closed as he, too, looked in the direction of the sound, raising his head to catch the scent in the wind.

Dicky sat down on the branch of a fallen oak and waited until, through a gap in the hedge, there crawled a boy who grinned when he saw that he was late. There is a certain attitude you can assume, implying as it does that your patience is well-nigh exhausted. That attitude Dicky had accurately adopted.

"Knew you'd be late," said he.

"Never woke," replied Wilfrid—"That silly ass, Dorothy, never called me."

"Shouldn't have a silly ass for a sister," said Dicky—"Anne's worth six of her. She calls me quick enough. Well—come on. We'll get that grass-snake this morning. It's warm enough on the hill."

Whereupon these two lords of creation, masters already of the womenfolk who mould them, set out up the steep ascent of the hill, with Pilgrim following on three legs at their heels. It seemed as though, to attain that obedience which was demanded of him, Pilgrim found it easier to run on three legs. Whenever he put the fourth to the ground the temptation was so great to show he could do without it, that he quickly raised it again. To incapacitate ourselves to wrong is the only way some of us can attain to virtue.

"Saw a hare in one of old Lipscombe's fields—the big one—this morning," said Wilfrid presently—"In the stubble—went like billy-o when he saw me."

Dicky took the information in silence. He had seen nothing.

"You see that kestrel again?" asked Wilfrid.

Dicky shook his head.

"Bet I know where he builds."

"Bet you don't!" said Dicky.

"Bet I do! Bet it's hatched ages ago."

"Of course it's hatched. I bet that one we saw yesterday was one of its young 'uns."

They bet on everything, but with a discreet silence as to the terms of the wager. Once Dicky had lost a pocket knife and, against all protests from his friend, insisted upon paying.

"I bet it," said he—"I'd have jolly well taken your leash if I'd won."

When the suggestion was made that they should exchange the leash for the pocket knife, he turned it to scorn.

"I betted!" said he with annoyance, but after that, by a tacit agreement, they never mentioned their stakes.

By the time they reached the top of the hill, the sun was hot in the heavens, the veil was lifted from the meadows, and far below them stretched the great garden of England—one county after another—lying fair and silent in the sun. The white trail of the Avon throwing back the light of sky, crept in and out behind the forests, growing fainter and fainter till it became a mere pale thread in the dim raiment of the distant blue.

As he regained his breath, Dicky looked down at it all, not yet realising what that breadth of country meant to him, or how much he had to do with the mystery of Nature which he saw on every side. Yet he looked and looked as though his eyes would never tire of it and, notwithstanding Wilfrid's eagerness to be off upon their search, still stood and looked, saying nothing.

"Come on!" exclaimed Wilfrid—"I've got to get back at eight. What are you looking at?"

"I don't know," said Dicky—and they went on in silence to the place where both had solemnly betted that the grass-snake had its abode.

"Come up fearfully quietly," said Dicky; "it'll probably be lying out in the sun."

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"Have you got the prong?" asked Wilfrid.

Dicky produced a stout hazel twig from under his coat. It was pronged at one end. Then they crept forward to a may-tree bush, scarlet and green with all its leaves and berries. As he peered round the corner, Dicky's hand shot swiftly back, the sign of caution. He looked round over his shoulder and nodded his head. His eyes were sparkling with excitement. At a safe distance in the rear, Pilgrim sat on his haunches, wriggling the skin up his back, his ears rigid, just bearing the suspense.

The moments were breathless that followed. As Dicky poised the prong over the snake, ready to strike, Wilfrid conceived the idea of an appeal to God.

"Please God," he said to himself—"let him catch it!"

Possibly that prayer had more to do with the matter than Wilfrid ever suspected, for, with a swift stroke, the prong descended, the snake was fastened to the ground beneath it and, at the cry of victory that followed, Pilgrim was rushing round them barking wildly.

Dicky surveyed his catch in triumph.

"Isn't he a ripper?" exclaimed Wilfrid —"How do you know he's a grass-snake?"

"I know," said Dicky—"He's quite harmless."

If only for the sake of dignity, a definite statement like that must be supported with actual proof. Dicky picked up the sinuous beast by its tail, laughing at its vain efforts to raise its head on a level with his hand.

"See its tongue," said he—"That's all rot, a snake stinging—they don't—they bite. Grass-snakes can't bite, they haven't got any teeth. By Jove—doesn't he hiss."

Pilgrim looked on at the wriggling thing in wonder.

"Eugh!" exclaimed the sensitive Wilfrid—"I couldn't touch it!"

"Why—you silly ass—it's all right It can't do anything. It wouldn't do anything if I put my hand in front of its mouth."

Here Dicky suited the action to the words. There was an instant's pause. The thin flat head darted swiftly back, then, in the flash of an eye, had struck. Dicky felt two pin pricks in his finger and the snake lay twisting and writhing on the ground.

"What happened?" said Wilfrid.

"It's bitten me."

"Where?"

"In the finger."

"But you said it couldn't bite."

Dicky paid no attention to that. Already the world was beginning to slip away from him, tumbling in its increasing littleness over the edge of the hill. He looked at Wilfrid with frightened eyes—it was as though he were looking the wrong way through a seaman's telescope, slowly pulling out one strand after another.

"I'm poisoned!" he whispered. "Suck my finger for me—suck it—I'm poisoned—" and he advanced toward his companion with his hand stretched out.

It was the look in Dicky's face that struck terror into Wilfrid's mind. He was not a coward; but he was afraid of things that were horrible. Dicky looked horrible, and with every step he advanced Wilfrid retreated. It was the horror of it that he could not face.

Then, without comment, Dicky put his finger in his own mouth and sucked the poison from the tiny wound, spitting it vehemently out onto the ground. When his mouth was dry, he looked wildly about him. The snake had gone; slipped away into the mystery of its own world at the roots of the may-tree. He swayed on his feet. That sensation of the impossible littleness of everything had left him. He was conscious only that soon some strange thing would be happening and when he saw his own hand colouring to an ugly black he knew that what would happen would be death. He was going to die. Suddenly he knew how young he was and his lip quivered. He could remember nearly all of the ten years he had lived. Things that had happened to him when he was three, a lie he had told when he was four became as vivid as though they had happened but the day before, and though each year as it had passed by had seemed a lifetime, he knew now how little it was. And it was going to end that day.

There was nothing fine about it. He

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had not saved any one's life at the cost of his own; he had done nothing brave to make it worth while. He was just going to die because of a beastly, rotten snake. He looked again at Wilfrid—Wilfrid who was quite well—who was going to live. There was a mist in front of him—a mist in front of everything.

"We'd better go home," said Dicky, and there was a mist even in his voice. He could scarcely hear it.

Then in silence they commenced to clamber down the hillside, and all the time Dicky kept wondering why he had to die. Suddenly it occurred to him that he must have done something grossly wrong and that this was the judgment of God. Then fear took him. He felt it shake him from head to foot. He tried hard to think what wrong it was, that he might say he was sorry and appease God while there was yet time. He could think of nothing. But the fear shook him still more wildly. He fell to his knees and cried out in a thin voice:

"I know I've told lies," he cried—"I know I have—but I can't think of anything else."

Wilfrid and Pilgrim stood shivering and watched him—a little boy on his knees on the bare hillside, twisted and tortured in the fingers of God.

He struggled to his feet once more, once more began to make his great effort to reach home. It seemed there was one chance left to him; if he could but reach the touch of his mother's hand, she might be able to remember the things he had done which he ought not to have done. But the distance which that morning had seemed so small had now become illimitable. He knew with each step that he could never reach the mill. He swayed again, then once more fell.

"I want mother," he said in a raucous whisper, and turned a pair of sightless eyes to Wilfrid's frightened face. "I want mother," he repeated, and then began crawling feverishly on his hands and knees. Wilfrid watched him helplessly, the tears rushing to his eyes, his knees trembling. Still Dicky crawled wildly on. It was in one sudden moment that he fell again and then lay still. And there, under the beating sun, Wilfrid thought how small he looked and wondered why he had even been afraid of him.

"Dicky!" he cried in terror—"Dicky!"

But Dicky never moved, and over the hillside came the shepherd and his dog.

Chapter II

When death comes in dark places there is a certain congruity about it; when it cuts short the life of a man and brings him low, there is congruity still. He has lived, you say, and you pray that you may first live also. But when the day is all gold, the sun alight in the heavens, the birds swelling their throats in song, to see the still body then of a little boy lying inert beside the smiling hedges, that is the most terribly incongruous sight in the world.

When, to Wilfrid's importunate entreaties, the shepherd followed him across the hill and came to where Dicky was lying, even he felt the strange, unnatural sense of things in the sight that met his eyes.

"He be lying like one o' my lambs, when the frosties kill 'em," he said; and that; as he stood there looking down at Dicky, was all that he could say, except that beneath his breath he muttered—"Dearie—dear!" just as he would had he lost a lamb from his fold.

"But can't you do anything?" cried Wilfrid. "He's not really dead, is he? It was only a grass-snake."

"'Twas no grass-snake, Master Wilfrid," said the shepherd, and, kneeling down, he laid his ear against Dicky's heart and listened. Now, not only was the shepherd hard of hearing, but there grew on the lobes of his ears little tufts of hair, which, when he pressed his head against Dicky's chest, were made a still further impediment to his hearing. It was thus he had often listened for the beating of a lamb's heart which the frosts had stilled; lying against it while the distracted mother bleated at his side.

Both Pilgrim and the sheep-dog seemed to know that a serious issue was at hand, for though they always met as common enemies—one the guardian of the sheep, the other their pursuer—they now put all disputes aside. Certainly, they found it better to stand wide apart.

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It is ever that a dog must put temptation out of his way. He does not meet it.

After a moment's silence Wilfrid could bear the suspense no longer.

"Well!" he said—"well? He's not dead, is he?"

The shepherd looked up with a vacant expression in his eyes.

"I doant hear nowt," said he—"but maybe he's not dead yet. His hand's quite black, look you; but p'r'aps it is his whole body should be black also before'n be dead. I'll carry'n down to the mill. 'Twill be a fair upset to Mrs. Furlong."

This was the only consolation that the wretched Wilfrid received. With a choking in his throat he watched Dicky's body hanging limply as the shepherd raised him to his shoulder. Vaguely he noticed the lifeless arms that swung harmlessly to every motion, the lolling head that nodded in an ugly way from the loosened neck. This was horrible—more than he could bear. The choking in his throat broke to tears. He began crying bitterly, sniffing and gulping as he walked by the shepherd's side. Here now was the trial, the test of it for him. Dicky had passed his ordeal, had met it both with courage and with fear. There is not one without the other. But with Wilfrid, all spirit in him broke down. Like a child returning home with dragging steps to the thrashing he knows awaiting him, the miserable boy followed by the side of the shepherd with Pilgrim, troubled, at their heels.

After a time his sobs subsided, but as they neared the mill house broke out afresh. Indistinctly he imagined Mrs. Furlong's distress and the grave look that would fall upon him from Mr. Furlong's eyes. There was no written law against these early morning excursions; but just as Dicky had slid down the water-pipe from his window to escape detention, so Wilfrid felt in the back of his mind that he would be blamed.

It was the thought of this that made the tears come back again, and apprehensively he caught at the shepherd's coat sleeve.

"It wasn't my fault," he sobbed—"Dicky p-put his hand in front of its mouth."

"That's like Master Dicky," said the shepherd, and said no more.

They were up and about in the mill when Wilfrid pushed open the white wicket-gate, and these two, the shepherd with his burden, walked up the flagged path between the rows of michaelmas daisies to the stout door of the mill house.

"Shall I knock or go right in?" he mumbled in his beard, and, being a man of slow perception, appreciating as yet but little of the critical situation with which he dealt, he decided to knock. But before the decision could be brought to the deed a woman's voice from an upper window had cried the name of Dicky.

"It'll be a fair upset to Mrs. Furlong," the shepherd muttered, as he heard the sound of hurrying footsteps from within. And then the door burst open. Mrs. Furlong stood there with hands stretched out to take her son.

"Drowned?" she whispered. There had been nights when she had lain awake listening to the waters of the Avon as they rushed over the weir, and, as with all noises when the night is still, they had had an ugly, a hungry sound to her ears. Long she had dreaded it, but in silence as a mother must, knowing that the perils by water and the perils by land are those dangers which every mother's son must face, whether it be in the hour of work or play. Only at night these fears and apprehensions had troubled her, but at that moment, when she saw Dicky lying in the shepherd's arms, they rushed back upon her again.

"Drowned?" she whispered.

"No, ma'am, 'tis the bite of a snake on the hill there."

She looked at Dicky's face as she took him in her arms.

"The doctor!" she said. "Tell them to harness the trap at once. James must drive—as fast as he can."

"Eckington, ma'am, or Little Cumberton?"

"The nearest—oh—the nearest, of course!"

The shepherd at last awoke to the grim seriousness of it all. Mrs. Furlong's voice, and not the sight of Dicky's body, had brought it to him. Turning quickly on his heel, he ran around to the stable. The door of the mill closed, and on the

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path between the michaelmas daisies Wilfrid still stood, the tears rolling one after another down his cheeks.

There he waited and waited. The minutes went by, but no one came out to tell him how Dicky fared. At last he turned away, and by the road walked back again to Eckington. The trap passed him on its way. Faithful to all traditions of himself, James, the stableman, drove furiously. Wilfrid stood close to the hedge as the trap swept by and a thickness came back into his throat again as he thought of what it meant. That was their last early morning together. They would never be allowed to go out again. Besides which Dicky was dead.

He did not really believe that. He could not believe it. Boys did not die like that. Death came to a man when he was very old—when he was forty at least. He had never heard of a boy dying—not when he was strong and jolly like Dicky was. No—he never believed that Dicky could be dead.

Yet he walked straight into his sister's bedroom, heedless of her dressing, his mind still dazed, and——

"Dicky's dead," said he. "He died this morning."

And when Dorothy had looked at him and looked, without asking how or why, she sat down slowly on her bed and sobbed with shaking shoulders.

Chapter III

But Dicky was not dead. At no little distance he had seen Death, and in this life that is an experience one may well be thankful for.

When Mr. Furlong saw his son lying on the bed to which Mrs. Furlong had carried him—her own bed, for a mother will trust no other—his lips whitened and he said that something must be done at once.

"Yes—and what?" said she. "How long will James be gone for the doctor?"

He looked at his watch, though she had never asked for the calculated answer. She needed only that he should say, and at once, any time within reason that came into his head, so long as it gave her hope.

"Probably twenty-five minutes," said Mr. Furlong, putting his watch away. "If he doesn't find the doctor at once perhaps thirty."

"And what can we do till then? Something must be done! You see he's only just breathing."

"Of course brandy's a good thing," said Mr. Furlong, and the sickness at his heart made his tongue dry in his mouth—"Brandy—as much of it as we could force him to take. The alcohol materialises the effect of the poison. Brandy's the thing."

"But there's none in the house!" she cried.

"I know," said he.

"Nor whisky, either!"

"I know," he repeated, and he tried to think of other remedies he knew. Before he could suggest anything else she had left the room. When he found himself alone he knelt down by the side of the bed and took Dicky's hand, then—as most men of a religious nature are—being that strange mixture of sentiment and hardness, practical in all commonplace matters of life, lacking in initiative when the moment is crucial, the tears came hot into his eyes and he bent his head in prayer.

"Oh, God," he murmured, just loud enough to hear his own voice—"Oh, God—if I have deserved that my son be taken from me, give me strength that I may bear the pain of Thy justice"—which, being phrased in the true spirit of the Church, was doubtless beautiful in its humility, but did no good to Dicky on the bed.

He was still upon his knees when Mrs. Furlong returned. She saw that he was praying, but, with that marvellous versatility of a woman, seemed in complete sympathy with him while her heart was beating with impatience. Before he had raised his head from his hands she was forcing some liquid from a bottle between Dicky's lips.

"What's that you are giving him?" he asked as he looked up.

"Eau de Cologne," said she.

"But Christina—" he rose to his feet.

"I've heard of people getting drunk on Eau de Cologne," she replied.

"Of course there is a percentage of alcohol in it," said he. "It can't do any harm."

Seemingly it had done good, for Dicky's eyes opened.

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"Mother," he whispered, and found her close against his heart.

Mr. Furlong put out his hand; but it was only a moment of consciousness. Dicky had slipped back again into that world between life and death of which the wisest of us know nothing. Only one moment of consciousness, and that moment Dicky had given to his mother.

"I'll go and see if the doctor's coming," said Mr. Furlong. As he went downstairs it was more he knew the pain of being ignored than that he felt it.

As soon as the door had closed Mrs. Furlong began to make Dicky ready for her bed. Upon that very bed in agony of body she had brought him into the world; now in agony of mind she laid him there to rest, slipping off one garment after another with that care and dexterity which, with a woman, is more wonderful than sleight-of-hand. His coat, his knickerbockers, his shirt, his stockings, one by one she laid them aside, scarcely stirring him as she took them off. At last he lay in a clean night-shirt alone in the big bed, and as she bent over him one drop from her eyes splashed fair upon his cheek.

At the sound of the doctor's footsteps on the stairs she quickly wiped it away.

"Well—what's this?" inquired the doctor cheerfully as he entered.

She shook hands with him hurriedly and pointed to the bed. One moment's examination of Dicky and he stood up.

"A basin of hot water," said he shortly —"a tumbler—tooth glass—anything—a towel. If you go downstairs I'll let you know presently, Mrs. Furlong."

"I'll stay," she replied.

He shrugged his shoulders, but in three minutes was glad of her. She did not flinch, even when holding Dicky's hand for the work of his lancet. In acute pain of mind Mr. Furlong looked on. At the first incision Dicky's eyes opened again; at the second he kicked violently and then again he moaned.

"I must do one more," he heard the doctor say.

"You shan't!" he shouted.

"Very well—I won't," said the doctor when it was done, and Mrs. Furlong smiled for one instant into his eyes.

"Now," said he, "we'll let him rest a bit. You'd better come downstairs."

Mr. Furlong was obedient, but his wife pointed to a chair in a far corner of the room.

"He won't know I'm there," she whispered, "and I can let you know."

They left her there, and there for an hour she watched Dicky's face. Not a movement of his eyelids escaped her. At last he dropped asleep.

Destiny has the whole gamut of the laws of nature at its command wherewith to mould the creatures of its choice.

It was that early morning in Autumn when Destiny first began its work with Dicky Furlong.

From that day he was to be a different being, was to enter upon the second phase of his making, the second of the many through which he must pass before he could become that Richard Furlong whose name the world knows now and will remember when many another is forgotten.

(*To be continued*)

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THE RECORDING ANGEL AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

DMIRERS of "O. Henry" can scarcely fail to remember his satiric parable in which the Recording Angel reprimands one who was once a South Sea missionary and has, in his new capacity of celestial police officer, arrested the soul of an East Side girl for having committed suicide. "The one you ought to have arrested," he says in substance, "is a red-haired man who sits in his shirt-sleeves Sunday afternoon, drinking beer, instead of playing checkers with his little girl and keeping her off the streets. If you make many more mistakes like that, you will lose your job!"

The object in recalling this "O. Henry" story in the present connection is simply to point out that it serves more briefly and more succinctly than any other short story that for the moment comes to mind to illustrate a rather important general principle on which to distinguish stories which may justly be stigmatised as immoral from those which, however sordid their materials may be, however deeply they may dip into the dregs of life, have nevertheless the essence of a fine morality. And the difference is simply this: If, as "O. Henry" implies, we could get away from the narrow, biased, conventional standpoint of the average man and woman; if we could for once survey any single human happening with the all-seeing eye of omniscience, what a radical reversal of judgment we should have to make, how quickly we should have to give verdicts of acquittal and issue new orders of arrest! And the reason for this is very simple: That the book of the Recording Angel is crowded with details which, according to mere earthly judgment, would be barred out as irrelevant testimony.

Now one of the prerogatives of the novelist in relation to the little world that he creates is that of omniscience. He knows, if he chooses to know, every secret fact about each and all of his characters. He can make us understand the full weight of the handicap that heredity and environment have together laid upon them, and in broad sympathy lead us to lay the blame elsewhere than on the luckless sinner visibly "caught in the act." The true realism is that which mirrors back life with such breadth of understanding that we are forced to recognise that no man or woman is wholly a free agent; that we all are largely controlled by desires and impulses that are born in us, and slowly but surely moulded by the attrition of daily association. The true, the best realism is that which leads the reader toward greater toleration, and leaves him wondering, not why men and women are so prone to evil, but how they succeed in being half so good as they are.

Such we shall find to be in general the distinction, if we take the trouble to examine a number of novels that cross the borderland of topics usually regarded as unsavoury, audacious, immoral. We do not need to be reminded that crime exists in the world: the news columns of the daily papers would not let us forget it, even if we could. No novelist has the moral right to delve into the more degraded phases of human nature, drag forth a grim, repellent picture and hold it up for our approbation, saying: "This is life!"—unless at the same time he has, either directly or by implication, some comment of his own to make, that will give the crude facts a new aspect, and shed some enlightenment upon existing conditions. The novels of Zola teem with episodes which in themselves are keenly repellent to a clean and healthy mind: yet, with few exceptions, his writings are not immoral, because the ideas underlying these episodes were always big and wholesome and stimulating,—as, for instance, the dominant idea of

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La Terre (to single out the volume which altogether received the most virulent attacks, and at one time was forbidden entry to the United States), namely, that there is nothing to be ashamed of in the physical facts of life; that the processes of nature are never base, but always miraculously wonderful, and that it is only the perverted instincts of man, never nature, that degrades them.

It would be well, then, for the novelist whose ambition is to interpret life in a spirit of sympathetic understanding to remember that within the limits of the world he has created, his responsibility is akin to that of a Recording Angel. If he wants to broaden our horizon, if he wants to make us really understand, if he wants to leave us at the close of his story with the feeling "how pitiful, yet how inevitable!"—and not, "how unspeakably sordid and vulgar!"—then it behooves him to be careful to give us the essential facts, each and every one of them, and not merely such details as would serve for an indictment before a grand jury. And the intuitive recognition of just which are essential facts and which are not forms an important factor in the sum total of a novelist possessed of genius.

The foregoing remarks were directly suggested by just one book of the month,

"To M. L. G.; or, He Who Passed"

a most unusual and tantalising book bearing the cryptic title, *To M. L. G.* The narrative is cast in autobiographic form, and from the London publishers, who frankly disclaim any knowledge of the author's identity, comes the statement that the intermediaries through whom the manuscript was offered for publication insist that it shall be regarded, not as fiction, but as the actual personal experiences of a woman still living and bitterly, tremendously in earnest. The extrinsic interest attached to such a possibility may be taken for what it is worth. The fact remains that the book as it stands bears all the hall marks of fiction, written by a born artist in narrative, if not by some one already possessed of wide experience. Even its occasional crudities of phrasing and of construction impress one, not as accidental, but rather as part of the carefully planned artistry, a deliberate attempt to play the part, and not spoil the illusion by too finished a technique. If by any chance this book is not fiction, at least it ought to be. But this comment must not be construed as implying that the narrative lacks truth. On the contrary, it leaves the impression of being vitally, painfully, tragically true. Whoever the author may be, she is obviously a woman, and with equal obviousness, intimately conversant with the life of the stage, with its triumphs and exaltations, as well as its sordid privations, its coarse vulgarity, its inevitable temptations. It may be a sort of composite picture of a hundred lives, caught by snap-shots behind the scenes; or it may be mainly drawn from just one or two human histories:—but in either case, the important fact is that it leaves the unmistakable and triumphant impression of reality. So strong is this impression that it makes *To M. L. G.* one of those rare books over which we experience the sort of heart-ache that comes when some one that is near and dear is treading through thorny pathways.

Usually in books of this class, books in which a woman vivisects her very soul for the benefit of the general public, there is, if one stops to think of it, something repellent in such remorseless exposure of her most secret thoughts. In the present case, however, we are asked to believe that the woman has a special motive, in fact, that this self-revelation is a crucial matter on which depends her peace of mind, perhaps her one chance of happiness. The supposed facts of the story are as follows: The heroine is an actress who after having passed through much storm and stress has finally achieved success, and through the creation of a big part, the most important rôle she has yet played, has herself awakened to a sense of the ignominy of her past life. Through all these past years she has used men or they have used her; all her relations with the other sex have been a matter of sordid calculation, unspoken but relentless antagonism. But at last a man comes into her life whom she can love, a man whose name is never mentioned and whom the reader never meets directly, but he is the "M. L. G."

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of the title. And because this man appeals to her so profoundly, she finds it impossible to deceive him about herself, yet equally impossible to tell him openly the truth about her past. So she lets him go out of her life without explanation, without his having any suspicion that he has come to represent to her the sum of life's happiness,—and now that he has gone and she probably never will see him again, she writes this anonymous account of herself, so that perchance he will come across it and, reading, recognise her identity and understand, perhaps even prove himself to be big enough in heart and soul to want her still, in spite of the revelation. Such is the supposed purpose of the book, which sheds a sort of glamour of mystery around it. But the reason why the book was worth publishing, the reason why it appeals so powerfully to widely divergent classes of readers, has little or nothing to do with a romance which may or may not have some basis of fact. The value of the book lies in the profound and unmistakable truth of the heroine's life, from the time that we first meet her as a small, neglected child, in a cheap theatrical boarding-house in New York, down through all the crucial, formative years, with their inevitable trials and temptations, down to the final awakening of a long dormant moral sense. There are a hundred details, scenes and incidents that refuse to be forgotten; there are her parents, the two inseparable vaudeville actors known as the "Lovebirds," whose mutual devotion casts a clear, white light over much that is tawdry and sordid; there is the painful hour when "Boy," the father, dies of heart-failure amid the confusion of shifting scenes and stage properties, while the shouts and laughter of the unconscious audience make a ghastly inappropriate accompaniment; there is the still more gruesome death of old "Ma," the boarding-house keeper, in whose care the little girl has been left, —a stumble, a headlong fall downstairs, a hideous, unforgettable scream of mortal fear, cut short by the weight of impact, as the fat old neck snaps beneath the heavy old body. That same scream haunts the child throughout her life; it rings in her ears so that she can hardly keep it from rising to her lips; and there is another powerful scene many years later when this same scream is the source of her own first triumph on the stage. A certain play calls for a scream from a woman who is in deadly terror, and the stage manager has tried one after another all the members of his company and found them wanting,—all but the young novice, who stands a timid but eager listener. "I think I could scream," she finally says, and with the death cry of old "Ma" in her thoughts, she gives forth a note that curdles the blood of her listeners and definitely decides her career.

But these details merely skim the surface of a book that has the crowded variety, the intensity of emotion, the sense of deep, far-reaching vistas characteristic of life itself. It paints a picture of a woman who, from her birth, has literally had not a ghost of a chance; she is what she is by no fault of her own; the relentless pressure of environment was too much for one frail woman's strength to bear up against. It is a book which ought to be widely distributed, for it inculcates, as few books do, a spirit of charitable thought and broad humanity.

"The Green Vase"

The Green Vase, by W. R. Castle, Jr., is another book that throws a relentless searchlight upon the remorse of a guilty conscience. Furthermore, it is an extremely ingenious piece of construction, in that it starts off quietly, to all intents and purposes offering nothing more than an intimate study of married incompatibility; and then, almost without warning, comes a big catastrophe, and the whole centre of interest shifts to a different setting, a different problem, a strange and cruel tangle of human lives. The story opens when Helen Smith, a stenographer in the office of Stephen Bond, having resigned her position and married Henry Murphy, returns with her husband to Boston from their honeymoon. Now Helen has good old Boston blood in her veins and all her life has secretly longed for the companionship of cultured people and for the atmosphere of old furniture, costly pictures and rare books. Murphy is unmistakably a man of the

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people, a strong, healthy, pushing young fellow, who has won his bride by his sheer force of personality, his magnetism, and his undoubted and deep-rooted love. When she is with him, Helen is happy; her heart is too full of him to listen to her mind when it tells her that he is vulgar, loud of speech and of dress. Her first real shock comes when he takes her to their newly purchased home, and she discovers that, instead of being, as she had dreamed, somewhere not too far removed from Commonwealth Avenue, it is in the hopelessly unfashionable neighbourhood of South Boston. What is worse, Henry has himself supervised the decorations of the house, and his monumental lack of taste stares her in the face at every turn:

> The parlour had red walls, red of an almost bloody shade, but touched with magenta where shadows fell across it. The woodwork, heavy all of it, but overshadowed by the huge mantelpiece that tried ineffectually to hide behind an intricate network of jig-saw tracery, was of lifeless black walnut. On the centre of the mantel, crushing all hope of better things, was a fat green vase, up which sprawled red and yellow roses, all in high relief, all shining as though varnished.

Very swiftly a situation of strained relations arises. One does not need to know Boston intimately in order to realise how intolerable a woman like Helen would find the narrow, gossipy atmosphere of her new home, or how impossible it would be for her to submit without verbal warfare to the rude intrusions and impudent personalities of Mrs. Jennings, wife of the political district leader, whom Murphy insists upon conciliating. Helen's former employer, Stephen Bond, a man whose nature is such that he never craves anything until it is beyond his reach, suddenly awakes to find that Helen is the one woman of his life. Fate, in the form of business relations, labour strikes, arbitration meetings and the like, brings Bond and Murphy into frequent contact, and the result is that Stephen sees much of Helen, soon realises her unhappiness in her environment, and mistakes her cordial welcome for the beginnings of a warmer feeling. As a matter of fact, Helen genuinely loves her husband; he may be vulgar, and he may make her unhappy, but she has no love to give to any one else; she is attracted to Stephen because he represents all the unattainable things in life, but nothing short of a miracle would ever enable him to win her. Midway in the book, this miracle happens. The street-car strike, already instrumental in bringing Bond and Murphy together, goes from bad to worse, and a day comes when mob violence prevails. Chance wills it that Helen and Bond meet on a street car, and just as the car crosses the Charles River, there is a flare, a deafening explosion and the bridge yawns beneath them. The papers tell, the next day, that all the bodies have been recovered with the exception of the young wife of Henry Murphy, which is never found. What really happens is this: A small English freight steamer, just weighing anchor, rescues Bond and Helen, who is unconscious, and under cover of the general confusion slips away unnoticed. Bond takes Helen, still unconscious and critically ill, to an isolated spot in New Jersey, and patiently nurses her back to life, not knowing what he ultimately intends to do, but possessed of a queer, illogical conviction that she now belongs to him. Finally the day comes when Helen's eyes open in recovered consciousness: but there is a veil over the past. She remembers nothing except her very early, remote childhood: her years in Bond's office, her months of married life in South Boston, are as though they had never been. Bond yields to the temptation to tell her that she is Mrs. Bond, and she believes him. His mistake, of course, is in thinking that he can win her love; and because he cannot, and soon begins to realise that he never will, his long martyrdom commences. It is not necessary to carry further an analysis of this unusual story, although the best of it, the profoundest, truest, most probing part of it lies ahead. All that a reviewer need do is to make clear the situation, and then refer the reader to the book itself for the strong, able, convincing working out of a curiously intricate tangle of lives.

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"A Painter of Souls"

A Painter of Souls, by David Lisle, when considered as a first novel by a new writer, is a remarkable achievement. It is entitled to thoughtful consideration for at least three reasons: it portrays the complex social life of modern Rome with the assured touch that comes of intimate knowledge; it is saturated with the refined atmosphere of art and music and literature, and illumined by the sparkle and brilliance of conversation that we are actually allowed to overhear, and that has the ring of the real speech of people of unusual culture and intellect; and lastly, it is a profound study of the crucial hours in the life of a young woman, by a man who obviously understands women fairly well. The "Painter of Souls" who gives the book its title, is a young Irish portrait painter, Miles Dering. Taking his art very seriously, he insists upon painting people as he sees them, rather than as they wish to be seen. Regardless of cost to himself, he refuses always to compromise with the truth. There are a score of scenes that fairly stand out from the printed page as though carved in high relief; but of all the scenes in which the art side of the book is the main interest, the most noteworthy is that in which Dering enjoys his first great triumph, when his portrait of the Pope is publicly recognised as supremely good. Had Mr. Lisle achieved nothing bigger than that one scene, his book would still have been a significant piece of work. But the personal and intimate side of the book is even more appealing to readers who admire fine artistry and strong characterisation in fiction. It is a study of a young woman who has been nurtured upon artificiality, taught from her cradle that life holds nothing of worth without the tinsel vanities of costly raiment, luxurious living, stately palaces thronging with titled guests, the constant excitement of masculine adulation. Violet Hilliard is a girl without illusions; she knows quite well the ugly side of the social world of Rome; her ears have taken in all the current scandal concerning even those with whom she is thrown in closest intimacy,—and yet, she is ready to sell herself, with her eyes wide open, for the sake of a title and some jewels, ready to marry the Prince Platoff in spite of all the unspeakable stories about him which she knows to be true. Now it happens that Miles Dering meets this girl, sees beneath the surface the possibilities of a finer nature, and falls in love with her. For months she makes him alternately miserable and gloriously happy; yet he refuses to believe that he, the painter of souls, can have been mistaken in his interpretation of hers. He does not know until almost the final hour, that he has two enemies to fight: not merely her vanity and thirst for admiration, but her growing habit of taking absinthe,—or, as current gossip phrases it, that she is a victim of "The Green Fairy." It is this important and cruel little fact that offers the one excuse for the repellent crudeness of the proposition that Violet makes to Dering on the night when she comes to tell him of her engagement to the Russian Prince. The scene is one of extreme audacity, whose best excuse is the compelling force with which it grips the reader, for undeniably it haunts the memory with the obsession of a nightmare. The whole chapter is so grimly powerful that, even though it obviously would not be a satisfactory ending, one instinctively feels, while reading it, that Mr. Lisle ought to stop right there in order to avoid an anti-climax. But such a thought does scant justice to this young writer's unusual gift. With startling swiftness he follows up the midnight gloom of the chapter in question with a dazzling burst of radiant hope,—and all so unexpectedly, and yet with such compelling truth and logic, that one closes the book with a sigh of satisfaction over a difficult task performed extremely well.

"Sekhet"

Sekhet, by Irene Miller, is a distinctly unpleasant book which serves as a good illustration of the class of stories that fail to justify themselves by broadening our understanding of life. The title is taken from the name of an Egyptian goddess, having the body of a woman and the head of a cat. She is supposed to be the goddess of love and of cruelty, the Crusher

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of Hearts. The story itself, however, has nothing to do with Egypt, excepting to this extent, that Evarne Stornway, having become the mistress of Morris Kenyon, is travelling with him up the Nile, and fearing that she shall lose his love, offers the following prayer at the shrine of Sekhet:

> Sekhet, help me—help me always. Whatever be the price of your aid I will pay it ungrudgingly. Watch over me: be ever near me. I cannot live without love. I do not shrink from its suffering. Sekhet, at all costs, I am thy worshipper. Do not forsake me. Do not forsake me ever.

Kenyon, having tired of her and cast her off, Evarne, penniless and without friends, nearly starves, for a time, but eventually achieves a big success in London as an artist's model; and after a lapse of several years, a certain young artist, Jeoffrey Danvers, nephew and heir of Lord Winborough, falls in love with her and offers her marriage. During the intervening years, Evarne has quite lost sight of Kenyon, and is unaware that he has come into a title and is, as it happens, Lord Winborough. Almost on the eve of her marriage she and Lord Winborough meet face to face, and he tells her, with brutal frankness, that she shall not be his nephew's wife and that he intends to tell the truth about her past. Now it happens that Evarne knows that on the following day Lord Winborough is coming to the studio to have his life-mask taken in plaster. Timing her own visit to coincide with his, she arrives at the studio at a moment when, as fate wills it, the man is lying prostrate on a couch, with his whole face hidden beneath the slowly hardening plaster. By a coincidence the three or four other men who should have been with him have temporarily left the room. A diabolical temptation flashes through Evarne's mind: by withdrawing from her enemy's nostrils the quills through which he breathes, and pressing down the almost rigid plaster, she can silence him forever. The description of the way in which she carries out this scheme makes a rather hideous picture,—all the more so since the reader is in possession of an important fact that she does not know—namely, that at the last moment Lord Winborough changed his mind about having his life-mask made, and that his nephew, her affianced lover, has taken his place.

"The Heart of Us"

The Heart of Us, by T. R. Sullivan, is a placid, well-intentioned story, depicting Boston as it was some forty years ago. People of leisurely habits will feel in this volume the charm of pleasing personalities, good breeding, and a gentle refinement of style; but the story itself is obviously lacking in serious purpose or vital interest. It tells us of a young man who is already winning the approval of his employers for his financial ability, but who happens to conceive the notion that he has literary gifts, and accordingly secretly writes a couple of plays, the first an adaptation from the French, which makes a hit; the second wholly original, which fails dismally. There is an independent young woman who in those remote days, two generations ago, is looked upon as a novelty because she dares to think for herself. She thinks she loves the would-be dramatist because he has the artistic temperament and faces semi-poverty for art's sake, instead of easy prosperity in business. But when his second play fails and he sensibly decides to accept a partnership in the firm for whom he works, the independent young woman once more thinks for herself and decides that she does not love him. The book drags along rather heavily for several more chapters, until the young woman does a third bit of thinking, changes her mind once more, and we leave the two lovers happily walking off, arm in arm, through the gathering dark, across Boston Common.

"The Plain Path"

The Plain Path, by Frances Newton Symmes Allen, is a book of radically different quality. The setting is a young woman's college somewhere in New England. The central figure is a young German girl possessed of a rare and charming personality and doubly interesting because of her curious education and unusual outlook upon life. This young girl, now an orphan, is the daughter of a German

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professor who made a world-wide name for himself by a certain agnostic book entitled *God Through Heredity;* and it is by the express terms of his will that her guardians have brought her up to hold all religion in contempt as idle superstition, and at the same time to be fundamentally ignorant of everything in the world that is sad and ugly. Even now, when she has come to America for a year of post-graduate study of the language which was her mother's native tongue, she has never seen death, never even conceived the physical meaning of the word; and there is something very pathetic and rather profound and memorable in the chapter describing the automobile accident in which a bright little boy, the son of a poor washwoman, is run over and dies in the arms of Margot, daughter of the German agnostic, and by his death brings into her life an element of sadness, a deeper understanding, the first stirring of a spiritual awakening. And this chapter simply strikes the keynote of the whole book. It is the history of the struggle of a human soul to find itself under the burden of a heavy handicap. And it is not merely a book full of simple wisdom, but it is filled also with sunshine and the fragrance of flowers and the beauty of wild things. It is a book to be read not hastily, but with sympathetic understanding; a book not to be indiscriminately recommended, for it belongs to the class of stories which leaves some readers quite unmoved, while to others it brings a blending of tears and laughter, a pleasure that is almost akin to pain.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II-III

Modern Society in Europe*

"An unconventional narrative of unofficial days, by the widow of an American diplomat," is the sub-title of an unpretentious, well-illustrated book, *Intimacies of Court and Society,* that gives a glimpse of the way social matters are managed at the great courts of Europe, together with lots of gossip. With a woman's appreciation of the small gossip that men affect to despise, but which when well told makes good reading, the author tells the story of her life in Paris, Rome, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and London. There is even a chapter on Washington society, giving an expatriate's impressions of our American court. The book is frankly a record of the gossip of the time heard at close range by one whose official connections gave her opportunities for seeing behind the curtain.

Some of this lady's conclusions will surprise many people. For instance, while the United States Government has often been abused for not providing fitting official homes for its diplomatic officers in foreign capitals, she is not convinced of such a need. Her experience was that a home independent of the official position is for the best, if for no other reason than that the American ambassador or minister, if provided with an official residence, would have no escape from the undesirable American who thinks that his ambassador, minister, or consul belongs to him, body and soul, day and night. There are, she thinks, plenty of Americans who would send their trunks straight to the American ambassador's house if he had an official one. They are like the politicians seen at some political conventions "coming up with a clean shirt and a five-dollar bill, and managing to get home without changing either of them." Many pages are devoted to the trials a minister undergoes at the hands of the impossible Americans, who insist upon being presented at

*Intimacies of Court and Society. By the Widow of an American Diplomat. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Modern Parisienne. By Octave Uzanne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: William Heinemann.

Men and Things of My Time. By the Marquis de Castellane. Translated by A. T. de Mattos. A. C. McClurg and Company.

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court. It is, of course, the women who make most of the trouble. Because the husband is a political power in Oshkosh, his wife and daughters deem it their right to be presented. The more impossible they are, the more determined and the more arrogant. When the author's husband sometimes refused point-blank, he was accused of snobbish un-Americanism and threatened with political wrath.

The American who gets stranded in Europe, either through folly or misfortune, was another source of trouble. The government provides no fund upon which its representatives can draw upon in such cases, and the help must come out of the minister's or consul's own pocket. Several instances are given. One American woman, a judge's wife, who had been living beyond her means, applied to the consul in Paris for help to get home. She had spent several thousand dollars for dresses and was bankrupt, but boldly applied to the author's friend for money to pay her living expenses.

He told her that she was living a good deal better than he was and that he could not afford to keep up her establishment. She stayed in his office for two hours and went away very indignant. The next week she came back. This time she asked him to pay her debts and give her enough money to get home on. She was tearful and repentant. But still the diplomatist could not be persuaded to help her. She returned a third time, a cablegram in her hand which read: "Your husband is dying; come at once." "Now will you send me home?" she asked. "If your husband is dying, I certainly will." So the lady packed her new gowns and sailed gaily home, cabling to the husband, the judge; and he met her at the pier when the boat reached New York, while the man in Paris and his wife had the pleasure of reading, in the American papers that came shortly afterward, descriptions of the gowns worn by the lady at the parties given in honour of her return from Europe.

The author met Mme. Fallières, wife of the French president, whom she describes as a good, simple, provincial little woman, very uncomfortable in her exalted position and shrinking as much as possible from a world she does not like or understand. Some interesting pages are given to describing the enmity existing between the aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Republic. Upon one occasion, when Mme. Fallières gave the author her box at the opera for an important performance, the titled guests she invited to share her pleasure one and all declined. It was as much as their reputation was worth to be seen in the presidential box. The attitude of high Paris society toward the stage is peculiar. While London drawing rooms welcomed "Mme. Bernhardt and her son," even the Duchesse de Rohan was unable to induce the ultra-fashionable society of Paris to meet the famous actress. At a reception she gave for Mme. Bernhardt the women of the *grand monde* came and turned their backs. From what she saw of French society the author does not advise American girls to marry Frenchmen. They are too disposed to consider themselves masters in every sense of the word. Some of the American girls who marry titled husbands come in for the writer's pity or ridicule. It amused her to hear an American princess from the backwoods exclaiming, in her native nasal twang: "Sez he to me, Princess, sez he," *et cetera.*

The Pope, the Kaiser, and the King of Saxony are some of the great personages who figure in these pages, with no end of anecdotes. It is gossip, but not ill-natured, and some years have passed since most of the incidents described.

French society, as typified in its women, is the theme of Octave Uzanne's *The Modern Parisienne.* All sorts of women, from the little errand girls and milliners to the *grande dame,* are passed in review. The women of the shops, the studios, the theatre, the schools, the street and the home are described. Their lives, ambitions, joys, sorrows, are studied in detail. But there is not much here that has not been told in magazine articles and newspapers. Those who contend that Paris is a sink of iniquity will find plenty in M. Uzanne's pages to warrant this belief. But he has also much to say of the fine family life, little known to foreigners, in which the wife, mother and daughter reign supreme. The book has a clever little introduction and appreciation by Baroness Von Hutten.

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Also dealing with French life is the Marquis de Castellane's *Men and Things of My Time,* in which he reviews the last fifty years. His account of how a boy of good family was educated half a century ago in France is full of interest. The author's experiences of the Franco-German War, in which he served, will also be found of interest. The present condition of France, socially and politically, does not inspire him with hope. As he sees it, all the grace, the dignity of the *ancien régime* has disappeared:

> To sum up, when I carry my thoughts back to the old world, that of my youth, which was a little haughty, but exquisitely well-mannered, and ask myself what remains of it, I am obliged to reply: "Nothing remains of it, absolutely nothing." . . . I see the France of the future looking like this: at the top a calf, a calf of gold, broken down, a driveller and a dotard. Above this malevolent though slumbering beast a huge hornet's nest in which venomous insects have come swooping down from the four corners of humanity and swarm, rabidly despoiling all those whom they cross in their path. Talleyrand congratulated the people of the eighteenth century on having known the charm of living. All that is finished, entirely and definitely finished; no new France will ever set eyes on it again.

Among the celebrities whom the Marquis knew and writes of, are Mgr. Dupanloup, Montalembert, Trochu, Gambetta, Hugo, Thiers, Changarnier and Liszt. Many portraits from photographs are given.

Paul Grier Harding.

IV-V-VI

The Plays of Granville Barker*

Whatever opinion may be held concerning the theatrical effectiveness of Mr. Granville Barker's plays, there can be no hesitancy in declaring that they exhibit more sheer brain-power than has been displayed in the work of any other of the rising generation of British dramatists. If the capacity for taking thought were the sole merit to be considered in a writer for the stage, the critic would already be required to rank Mr. Barker (who is only thirty-five years old) as second only, among living English playwrights, to Pinero. He has an extraordinary talent for exactitude in the observation, and precision in the analysis, of character; an unlimited patience to compete with nature in the delineation of innumerable details; a remarkable gift for rendering the tone of ordinary conversation in his succinct and brilliant dialogue; and, above all, a staunch capacity for making his auditors think earnestly and thoroughly about the anomalies of that chaos of incongruous, contentious forces,—the social fabric of to-day.

Although Mr. Barker is both an able actor and a more than able stage-director, he cares far less about the theatre than he cares about life. For this reason, his plays make much more interesting reading than those of the usual theatrical technician. It is not necessary for the reader, while turning over the pages of these published plays, to imagine himself seated in a theatre and looking at a stage; it is necessary for him only to imagine himself moving in the midst of life: and so painstaking is the author's depiction of life as it is lived, that the reader accomplishes this imaginative exercise without any sense of effort.

But the same reason that makes these plays so unusually readable—namely, that the author cares more about life than he cares about the theatre—probably accounts for the fact that they have not, in any wide sense, been popular upon the stage. When plays fail to attract the public to the theatre, it will not do to blame the public; since it is the first duty of the dramatist to please the generality of men. This duty Mr. Barker has thus far refused to recognise. His present aim is not to satisfy, but to alter, the demands of the theatre-going public. He eschews those methods of construction which the immemorial tradition of the threatre has proved to be unfailingly effective; and doubtless, like all idealists, he is willing to pay the price of sacrificing the adherence of that compact, con-

*Three Plays by Granville Barker: The Marrying of Ann Leete; The Voysey Inheritance; Waste. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. The Madras House. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Granville Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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servative majority that Ibsen said was always in the wrong.

The first of Mr. Barker's plays, *The Marrying of Ann Leete,* must be excluded from any critical consideration of his present aims and methods. It was written when the author was only twenty-two years old; and, like most very early efforts by writers whose worth becomes ultimately real, it displays an exaggerated cleverness and preciosity. It is an artificial comedy, set in the eighteenth century, and is written in brilliant imitation of the manner of George Meredith. The last act, to be sure, in which the aristocratic heroine marries herself to her father's gardener, is conceived in the topsy-turvy mood of Mr. Bernard Shaw; but the effect of the composition as a whole is of Meredith at second hand.

Mr. Barker's subsequent plays, *The Voysey Inheritance, Waste,* and *The Madras House,* bear no family resemblance to *Ann Leete;* but they are closely related to each other, and illustrate conclusively the aims and methods of the author. It is apparently his purpose to bring the drama more closely into accord with actuality than it has ever been before, by the expedient of ignoring the tradition of the well-made play. Instead of adapting the patterns of such a master-craftsman as Pinero to a subject-matter of his own, he casts aside all patterns and shovels his subject-matter on the stage. His plays begin almost anywhere, and do not end at all; his acts refuse to rise to a dramatic climax at the curtain-fall; and sometimes, as in *The Madras House,* the different scenes exhibit no necessary narrative relation to each other. In support of this deliberate avoidance of the traditional dramatic form, Mr. Barker would undoubtedly maintain that it is his purpose to represent life, and that life does not conduct itself in accordance with artificial patternings. In nature there are no beginnings and no endings—there is only a monotonous, appalling continuity. Nature is neither selective of details nor logical in the arrangement of them. Nature usually refuses to rise even to a momentary climax, and has no curtain to ring down. In a single word, nature is not narrative.

Whereas, in this dilemma, Pinero ranks himself upon the side of art, Mr. Barker (a self-constituted leader of a younger generation) prefers to rank himself upon the side of nature. One might imagine Sir Arthur to say of *The Madras House,* "The drama is not like that," and Mr. Barker to retort, "No; but life is." Goethe used to maintain that the sole excuse for the existence of art is that it is different from nature; but Mr. Barker seems to feel that the most interesting thing about life is that it is different from art. To the present writer it appears that Mr. Barker has ranged himself upon the losing side of the contention. When so capable a dramatist employs his quite extraordinary talents to prove that the drama is less interesting than life, the only victory that he can hope for is the futile victory of self-defeat. Furthermore, if art should ever so utterly succeed in concealing art as to set its product into absolute competition with nature, nature would inevitably win the competition. If ever the theatre should arrive at reproducing life without submitting it to either of the prime processes of art—selection and arrangement—there would cease to be any adequate reason why we should withdraw for two hours from the contemplation of life itself to look at a performance on the stage. Any theory which, exaggerated to its utmost, becomes a *reductio ad absurdum,* must be, even as a working hypothesis, essentially unsound.

Yet, however one may disagree with Mr. Barker's theories of how a play should not be built, there can be no denying that his plays produce upon the reader an overwhelming conviction of reality. The characters are real, the incidents are real, the dialogue is real. In the midst of art we find ourselves in life.

The Voysey Inheritance is probably the best of his plays; at least, it seems so in the reading. The elder Mr. Voysey is a highly respected solicitor who has made a large fortune for his numerous family by criminally misapplying the capital intrusted to his care. Shortly before his death he takes his son, Edward, into partnership; and the latter discovers that the firm is actually insolvent, and comes to realise the reason why. Edward

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is a scrupulously conscientious man, utterly lacking in his father's illegitimate audacity; and on the occasion of his father's funeral, he calls the members of the family together and tells them that they all are living upon stolen money. The play deals mainly with the reaction of this revelation upon the many diverse characters concerned. Edward's impulse is to make a public confession of the enormity and send himself to jail; but his less conscientious relatives persuade him to continue to conduct the business silently, in the hope, by a more conservative exercise of his father's methods of money-juggling, of ultimately making restitution to the many clients that, without their knowledge, have been robbed. Thus, against the dictates of his own inherent character, Edward finds himself forced more and more to accept from his dead father an inheritance of crime. The play does not end: it goes on, as relentlessly as life. Edward neither dies, nor goes to jail, nor earns enough money to pay off his inheritance of debt; and the final curtain leaves him confronting hopelessly the same dilemma that he encountered at the outset of the play.

Waste,—which was refused a license by that preposterous functionary, the British censor,—develops a more tragic theme than Mr. Barker's other plays. A man of far-seeing political intelligence, whose services are well-nigh indispensable to his party and to the nation at large, happens, in a careless midnight mood at a house-party, to abandon himself to the embraces of a married woman. Neither loves the other: they merely succumb momentarily to the seductions of sense. The unthinking moment has its consequences; and the statesman is threatened with a scandal that makes it necessary, as public life is ordered nowadays, for the leaders of his party to drop him. His noble talents, that might have been of inestimable service to the state, are now condemned to waste. Withdrawn from public life, he must cease to be of service. But life, with such a man, is synonymous with service; he cannot live, not serving; and, calmly logical, he kills himself.—The essential drama of this poignant theme is overlaid with a great deal of political discussion that seems to be extraneous. Mr. Barker has thought it necessary to expound in detail the precise ideas of all his congregated politicians on nearly every question at issue in the public life of England at the present time. These views, no doubt, are valuable; but a seemingly interminable exposition of them distracts attention from the real dramatic issue of the play.

The Madras House introduces us to over a score of people who are more or less interested in the affairs of a large mercantile establishment. We visit them in their homes and in their offices; we listen to the casual and seemingly unrelated things they have to say; and we grow to know them intimately. They are interesting people, too, and we feel no reason to resist the author's desire to make us familiar with their daily lives; but we wonder a little what the play is all about. It seems to have no theme: it surely has no plot: it might just as easily cease suddenly at any point or else go on forever. We feel that the author is showing us life, but not telling us anything about it. Many things are said, and nearly all of them are interesting; but we search in vain amid the volubility of the assembled characters for any indication of a central idea round which the talk revolves. The play closes with the characteristic stage-direction, "She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject"; but the reader wonders what the subject definitely was. *The Madras House*, like a page from life itself, is full of meanings and yet meaningless. It is the product of a very strong intelligence applied to the futile labour of concealing, and thereby defeating, art.

Walter Clayton.

VII

M. B. Leavitt's "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management"*

If there is any name connected with theatrical enterprise in the last fifty years which Mr. Leavitt has omitted from this seven hundred page volume, or any photograph of a celebrity in any branch of the business from star to lithographer

*Fifty Years in Theatrical Management. By M. B. Leavitt. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

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—it is surely not by inadvertence. As a directory the book is invaluable. Probably some of its thousands of names the future annals of the American stage will willingly let die, yet one will be glad to poke through this enormous dust heap for many choice pickings. The consecutive view it affords of our stage, is, for one thing, unique.

The original negro-minstrelsy, he says, was a vivid mirror of actual negro life in its amusing aspects, and as such demanded rare talents of mimicry. Very different was it from the so-called minstrelsy of later years, which, clad in Punch and Judy costumes, emitted stale newspaper jokes. Negro representation was then an art as distinct and important as any stage branch, although it has now become foolish and unmeaning cackle, and is quite moribund at that. The association of Boston with baked beans is probably of minstrel origin. A certain Boston restaurant famous for this dish had a national reputation thrust upon it and its city by a minstrel song, the refrain of which was, "I pick my teeth on the Parker House steps, but I eat my beans at Gilsen's."

Out of fashion, too, is pantomime. This, Mr. Leavitt thinks, is the most exalted of all the arts of comic expression. There are now, however, few representatives of it capable of maintaining its high character, since it is the most difficult form of acting known to the stage. "There are no clowns now," remarked a superannuated clown with a shade of bitterness. "Last year a theatrical manager when he put on a pantomime actually forgot to get one!" In the old days there were two schools of pantomimists, the French and the English. The Frenchman expressed himself thoroughly by gesture, the Englishman eked out his gesture with "mugging" and talk. Despite the repeated efforts of shrewd managers with plenty of capital, the Christmas pantomime never became as popular on the American stage as it has been for many generations on the English.

Dancing, too, is a bygone fashion—except dancing of the stunt and sensational kind. In the sixties a grand ballet meant something more than a squad of good-looking girls posing in military groups. Dancers were hard-working students, because only the highest development of their art received critical recognition. The old school did not depend on physique or facial charm, but solely on ability.

The old-time "variety" has now become vaudeville, but it was in every way a larger show than the modern one. Since an organisation had to be able to give a complete change of programme every night, the performers were extremely versatile, and there were no "one-act people." Ballads, minstrel acts, comic songs, gymnastics, jugglery, fancy dancing, and short "sketches in black" constituted a typical good variety programme. The variety seems to have been an offshoot of early minstrelsy, a development by itself of that part of the conventional minstrel programme called the Olio. The most prominent comic opera comedians of to-day began their career as variety performers. It is about twenty years since the first successful development of the modern vaudeville, and no branch of the business has made such rapid strides. Vaudeville managers now pay comparatively larger salaries to their head-liners than legitimate stars receive. The increasing popularity of this form of entertainment, in spite of the vigorous competition of moving pictures, is significant. A little of everything cannot be found in the average play—there is something in vaudeville to please all tastes, and for one-quarter of the price of a theatre ticket.

The modern burlesque troupe is by no means an outcome of the old English burlesques. These reached the zenith of their popularity in America under Lydia Thompson. The modern "girl-show" was entirely unknown, and in its stead was a composition with a comprehensible plot, catchy music, keen wit and laughable puns—all put together in a burlesque and extravaganza spirit, and making a speciality of women performers. The native American show in this species was a travesty. Entertainments in America as late as the seventies were all of one kind—either wholly dramatic or minstrel or travesty or variety. Mr. Leavitt conceived the idea of combining

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all the less "legitimate" forms in one show and making the travesty part the chief feature. For the old-time minstrel part—exclusively male—he substituted a bevy of women and called them Female Minstrels. It was this show which became the pioneer of the modern cheap burlesque company.

The Black Crook at Niblo's Garden in 1866 inaugurated an epoch. It was the birth of all the ballets, comic-operas, and musical shows of to-day. It was the first show which featured the human form divine, and pulpit and press abandoned discussion of the Civil War to denounce it. But the public crowded the theatre; and though the cost of production was unprecedented, the profits of the season were $650,000. A Black Crook Company which was sent to South America (and—thanks to the furore created by Lydia Thompson's English Blondes!—carried with it a tank of peroxide of hydrogen to keep the hair of the ladies golden) brought back only one of its girls. Marriage and other arrangements had detained the rest behind. Thus the idea of the exploitation of young women in present-day musical shows received its first impetus.

In his description of Broadway of that day, we get a side light on a notable now and then. Edwin Forrest had such a vogue that clubs were formed in his name in various cities. It has become a fashion among younger writers to underrate Forrest's art, but by the verdict of his time he was the foremost figure of our stage. No other actor ever did so much to ameliorate the condition of his profession. Mr. Leavitt tells us that Barnum was eaten up with personal vanity. Though his face and figure were far from that of Adonis, yet for years he had his hair curled each day by a hairdresser and always wore a shirt front abounding in frills and in diamonds.

The theatre probably never rested on a higher plane than at Salt Lake City in the Mormon days. Brigham Young, an executive giant, found himself at the head of a band of ultra-civilised people a thousand miles away from the outskirts of civilisation. He knew he must provide them with suitable entertainment, and he decided to employ literature, music, and the stage to the fullest extent. He had no sooner finished building his stupendous Tabernacle than he constructed the Salt Lake Theatre. At the time of erection, this was unsurpassed by any existing theatre for magnitude, completeness, and equipment. In 1862 it was opened with prayer, an address by Young, and a comic drama presented by a local amateur organisation. Young secured from the East dramatic instructors, and under them the company was soon giving excellent performances. Attendance was made virtually compulsory by Young as part of his educational system. A play continued until it had been seen by every one in the colony. Young personally attended nearly all the rehearsals and opened them with prayer. Any improper conduct was met with instant dismissal and public disgrace.

Graham Berry.

VIII

Joseph McCabe's "The Empresses of Rome"*

Woman, says the author of this entertaining volume, although she passed from the tyranny of father to the tyranny of husband at the age of fourteen, had her part in the making of Rome as well as in its unmaking. So great a part in both, indeed, it is a pity that the stage of Gibbon and of Merivale is too crowded for the empresses to disentangle themselves from the mighty panorama. No other work puts them in the foreground except an old French one which sacrifices accuracy to piquancy. Mr. McCabe is compelled to discard much of this latter along with many of the more romantic adventures narrated by usually trustworthy historians, but in general he makes no change in the current estimate of the ladies who file before us in a long procession.

It is in the continuity of his story, and in his study of separate character and type by a cool presentation of conflicting evidence, that the author has best succeeded. Though he leaves the ladies fundamentally where he found them, however, he accepts none of the custom-

*The Empresses of Rome. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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ary historical platitudes about the unmitigated blackness of Rome's darkest eras. The periods of rapid recovery throughout its long history are not sufficiently appreciated by the rhetorical censors of the morals of Rome. Nor indeed does he prattle any moral nonsense about the necessary decay of states within an appointed round. Egypt, he points out, had no difficulty in maintaining its vigour for close on eight thousand years.

But to return to the ladies. The line of empresses does not begin until the horizon of women as well as that of men had been rolled outward by the new culture of Greece and the conquest of the East. By the time Livia, the wife of Octavius, came along, the Roman lady had forever departed from her pristine simplicity—she had even a debating club.

Livia was the first empress of Rome. She had lived through the early tempestuous days of her first husband with no whisper of slander. Octavius had married twice for political reasons, but when he met Livia he sent a letter of divorce to his wife (whose great-grandchild became the Empress Agrippina) and intimated to Livia's husband that he must do likewise. He not only did so in a quite friendly way, but made Octavius at his death the guardian of his two sons, Tiberius and Drusus. Octavius and Livia were content with a prudent adaptation of the old Roman ideal to the new age; and both led sober, ascetic lives. Her wise and humane counsels contributed much to the peace and prosperity of Rome's golden era, which, it must not be lost sight of, was a time when hundreds of thousands of the citizens were parasites upon the state. When Octavius died, worn out with his struggle against dissolute Rome, his last words were for her; and their union had lasted fifty-two years in a town where matrimonial transfers were of no moment whatever.

Yet to a man, historians have charged Livia not only with a career of crime, but with an entire absence of self-restraint, which finally caused her husband —who for many years had been curiously blind to her excesses—to banish her. The accusation that she murdered the sons of her step-daughter Julia seems to be largely founded on the undoubted fact that their deaths were very opportune; and the same historians charge her with murdering her second son in the interest of Tiberius, which is somewhat absurd. This step-daughter married the son of Antony and Octavia, her first cousin, and the marriage of two direct descendants of Cæsar is supposed to mark the beginning of Livia's downward career, since she herself had borne no heir to Octavius. The other daughter of Octavia, her uncle married to his ablest general, Agrippa, and then on the death of Julia's first husband the Emperor had him divorce her and marry her sister. Agrippa presented her with five children and then died of the gout; thereupon Octavius ordered Tiberius to separate himself from his wife, who was the daughter of Agrippa by another marriage, and take unto himself this Julia—who had already been married to two members of her own family. Thus it may be seen that if the ladies of Rome had no graver subjects to discuss in their debating clubs, they might spend edifying evenings in disentangling the royal relationships. As for Julia, the problem quite destroyed what little self-respect she ever possessed; and along with two of her remaining children she was banished for her vices. Her surviving child, a daughter, lived to embarrass her step-grandmother's later years. During the reign of her son Tiberius there is no evidence that Livia sought power for any other motive than the good of the state. But her troubles were by no means over. In Lower Germany the nephew of Tiberius, Germanicus, the son of Drusus, had married Julia's remaining daughter, Agrippina, and was urged by his soldiers to contest the purple. This insurrection quelled by prudence rather than force, the years that followed began to see differences between Tiberius and his aged and able mother. At last she withdrew from the palace and died in retirement at the age of eighty-six. The conscientious biographer must acquit this remarkable woman of either craft or vice and concur with the judgment of the Senate, which in spite of Tiberius's resentment proclaimed her "mother of her country."

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Tiberius in his old age retired to his palace at Capri, where he sheltered, among his purblind scholars, the licentious prince Caligula, the son of Germanicus and Agrippina. At the death of the Emperor the latter was called to the throne, and in him the vein of moral insanity, inherited by all the descendants of the marriage-bewildered Julia, is most clearly exhibited. He recalled his sister from banishment and announced that he intended to marry her. When she died he had the Senate put her among the gods and made the earth resound with his demented moans. Then he promptly married in short order two ladies who were in their brief day empresses, and a third, who escaped divorce indeed, but was murdered, together with her royal spouse, by an outraged city.

The fifth Empress of Rome was Messalina. The spirit of our times, says Mr. McCabe, is so bent upon visiting the sins of the children on their fathers, so determined to seek the secret of character in heredity, that one should say at once that both her parents were of the Julian family and were first cousins of her much older husband, Claudius. Him she duped through a series of monstrous excesses until finally she had the audacity to marry openly a handsome young noble in his absence. For which meaningless prank she, at the age of twenty-five, met death. Not a single detail of her reputed adventures is incredible, since the authentic ones reveal so shameless a disregard of law and decency.

The senile Claudius thereupon married his niece Agrippina. The best that can be said of this lady is that she aimed at making the future of her son Nero rather than her own; and consequently, when he afterward murdered her, we are disposed in her favour. Her statue has the majestic air of a mistress of the world, nor does her face seem that of a sensualist. Certainly she ruled judicially and serviceably in spite of her crimes of jealousy and avarice. Seneca, who was recalled from exile to superintend her son's training, says that her fondness quite ruined all his discipline. Early he was married to Octavia, Claudius's daughter. Upon the opportune if not accelerated death of the heavy-paunched Claudius, Agrippina had the Senate make him Emperor at the age of seventeen. For four years after the accession she ruled wisely in his name, but in the fifth he had her put to death with horrible brutality and jeered at her naked body. He had begun to turn on her when she sought to check his licentious ways. When Agrippina finally espoused the cause of the injured Octavia against Poppæa, she wrote her own death sentence—not ignobly; and she saw her struggle for power become a struggle for life against her own son. She died bravely and she had served Rome well. Had she lived in an age when virtue was not inexpedient, says the author, she might have been entirely honourable.

The gentle and forsaken Octavia was divorced, and Poppæa became Empress in her place. No definite scandal attaches to the name of this coquettish and calculating lady, and Josephus even calls her pious. After a few years she met a brutal end, and Nero's next choice fell on Octavia's sister, who courageously refused the outrageous honour and was put to death; and then on Statilia Messalina, who decided it was better to be married even to Nero than burned. But Nero, and with him the house of Cæsar, soon ended his grotesquely monstrous career; and Statilia, unlike her six predecessors, remained unmurdered. Indeed, she lived to deliver orations of great eloquence to the literary ladies of Rome. Possibly one was on the dangers of mixing relationships.

The crimes and follies of these ladies stand out so prominently only because they were perpetrated from a throne, says the author; and bad as they were, they are hardly worse than the crimes and follies of kings' mistresses and queens in less censured periods of history. The women of Cæsarean Rome will compare very well with the women of later civilisations at the stage when the nation relaxes from the strain of empire-making and its veins are flushed with the wealth of its conquests. This account of a little over forty years in a period of more than five hundred is enough to give the reader a taste of the author's temper and the style of his in-

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teresting narrative. By sticking close to his subject, he is enabled—he tells us—to give all that is known and dispose of most that is merely conjectural of the lives of the long line of royal ladies down to the fall of the Western Empire.

Algernon Tassin.

IX

Pierre de Coulevain's "The Heart of Life"*

The chief impression retained after closing one of Pierre de Coulevain's books is of their essential agreeableness. One has been in the society of a mind at once restful and stimulating, of a personality that has charm and poise, and one has joined in an observation of life that remains intimate while being detached. The effect of harmonious contrasts produced is necessarily a pleasant one, while the simplicity and distinction of the writer's style adds to the charm, the decidedly personal charm, of all her work. Unfortunately this attribute entirely disappears in the English version by Alys Hallard, who not only lacks the chic and finish of the Frenchwoman, but who is slip-shod and commonplace to a degree, capable of such constructions as the following: "You would be allowed to write sonnets like Lamartine and others have done. . . . She said she would like to take up something like Jose had done . . ." with others as bad. An insult to the original, which, if duelling obtained among women, would surely justify Pierre de Coulevain in calling her translator out and pinking her in proper style.

In this latest book, *The Heart of Life* (*Au Coeur de la Vie*), the story is even slighter than in the rambling pages of *On the Branch,* but it is entirely sufficient. We do not read these books for their story, but for their insights into and reflections upon life, for the clever sketches of people, places and moods they give us, and most of all, perhaps, for their revelation of the writer's own delightful, if somewhat egoistic, personality, her unconscious and perfectly natural presentment of herself as the goddess in the machine, a being whom life has made a little wiser than any one with whom she comes in contact. So, for that matter, she is: a little saner and wiser than most of us, familiar with many phases of modern existence, and eternally interested in what goes on about her. An interest that is expressed by means of a variety of amusing or tender episodes, with the reflections they induce. There are several pages in the beginning of the book in hand devoted to sparrows, for instance, that will arouse in you both chuckles and ideas. The conviction these birds bring to the author that "It is my opinion that animals have the faculty of reasoning, and that man alone can be unreasonable. It is that which gives him his superiority," is a characteristic whimsicality, and only one of many.

After the author herself, the heroine of the story is Maïa, a modern young Frenchwoman whom it is a joy to know. She is divorced when we first meet her, and the romance of the book is provided by her return to and reunion with her husband, a husband too ignorantly married and too hastily discarded. The steps of this return, materially assisted by the wise friend of both, Pierre herself, appear and disappear in the pages, that touch on many matters and present many scenes.

Maïa reveals the French attitude in such affairs as hers, and especially the newer attitude of the present generation, weary of the prison bars, the ignorance, the unreality that surround the young girl of the upper classes.

"My greatest desire was to go out alone, to wander in the streets and stop at shop-windows," she says. Marriage was the open door through which she passed to freedom; but marriage proved too great a shock for her, a mere child, knowing nothing. Nor, on the other hand, did the man she married know anything of the girl he took. So these perfectly good young people, who really loved each other, presently found themselves divorced. And in Maïa's set divorce was the unpardonable sin:

"In our old aristocracy, with its orthodox religion, a woman who has been unfaithful to her husband would be ac-

*The Heart of Life. By Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25 net.

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cepted more readily than a divorced woman. The former has only broken the laws of honour, the latter has broken the laws of the Church, and that is inexcusable."

The French have their own interpretations!

The background of the story is chiefly Switzerland, though there are some delicious glimpses of Savoy and Baden. History, philosophy, natural and human laws and traits are jotted down and commented on, there are mountain peaks and sunsets, lakes and cities. A steadfast faith in Providence and the reasonableness of life is the author's chief inspiration. What seems chance, she intimates, is design, and the strange, haphazard, untoward occurrences which bewilder the children of men are but the uncouth fragments of a plan which, seen entire, proves full of harmony and beauty. This is the thesis, and it is worked out with force and humour. Spilt milk is not to be cried over. It is one of the ingredients in the recipe of life, and quite as important as the rest. Pierre de Coulevain is a lover of life, an incurable optimist and an inveterate proselyter. She preaches, but she does it so delightfully that you want more. If you are blue or downcast, read her. She will not jar roughly on your mood, but she will win you out of it. And there, precisely, lies one great reason for her popularity.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

V.—John Galsworthy

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a further study of authors just coming in prominence, The Bookman *is publishing a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical works about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.*

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GEORGE BORROW*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

HILE Dr. W. J. Knapp's life of George Borrow, published some ten or twelve years ago, gave a fairly full and certainly an enthusiastic account of this extraordinary character, enough has since come to light to make the present volume by Herbert Jenkins of interest. Borrow accomplished wonders for the spread of the Gospel in Spain and elsewhere; he wrote some books that are masterpieces in their way, and the man himself seems to have been as interesting as his published works.

Mr. Jenkins has had the good fortune to unearth many letters, supposed to have been lost, that Borrow wrote to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and many documents in the Public Record Office relating to his stay in Spain. Borrow's life was a fantastic romance. Mr. Jenkins's book rightly emphasises this side of the story, but he also adds to the wealth of detail culled from *Lavengro,* which is supposed to be largely biographical, and from *The Gypsies in Spain,* facts, figures and dates that enable one to get Borrow's career in clearer focus. Perhaps he is even unnecessarily solicitous as to dates and seemingly unimportant matters, but this is erring on the right side.

George Henry Borrow was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, July 5, 1803, the son of Thomas Borrow, a captain in the militia, and Ann Perfrement, a strikingly handsome girl of Huguenot stock, from whom the famous author inherited his dark eyes and the swarthy aspect that gave colour to the report that he had in his veins gypsy blood. This accounted, said some of his critics, for his life-long predilection for gypsies and their lore. From his father George derived a rugged constitution and perhaps his love of a good fight. Lovers of *Lavengro* may remember the fight with the Flaming Tinman, which Francis Hindes Groome, in the BOOKMAN for May, 1899, called "the finest fight in the whole world's literature." It may almost be said that Borrow's life was one long fight. He was always disputing with some one and very apt to make a *casus belli* of the most trivial matter. He found windmills everywhere. Nature gave him a good outfit for the struggle. He stood six feet two inches in his stockings, and his endurance is shown in scores of adventures with disease and hunger that would have killed a horse. We have no record of his appearance in youth, but he must have been a handsome fellow. Dr. Gordon Hake, in his *Memoirs of Eighty Years,* says of him: "His figure was tall and his bearing very noble; he had a finely moulded head and thick white hair—white from his youth; his brown eyes were soft, yet piercing; his nose somewhat of the 'semitic' type, which gave his face the cast of the young Memnon. His mouth had a generous curve; and his features for beauty and true power, were such as can have no parallel in our portrait gallery." A tramp of thirty or forty miles at the rate of five miles an hour was a trifle to him.

As a child Borrow seems to have been a gloomy, introspective boy who puzzled his parents, slow of comprehension, almost dull-witted, shy of society. An old Jew peddler once pronounced him "a prophet's child," a prediction that carried comfort to his mother's heart. He studied men rather than books, although he knew *Robinson Crusoe* by heart. In 1819 he was articled for five years to a firm of solicitors in Norwich, but he liked languages rather than Blackstone, and such languages! — Welsh, Danish, Arabic, Armenian, Saxon — these were the tongues with which he occupied himself. Part of his duty as a law clerk was to guard the door of his employer's private room. His standards were those of a physiognomist rather than lawyer, and got him into trouble. He admitted

*The Life of George Borrow. By Herbert Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: John Murray.

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the goats and refused the sheep, turning away a knight or a baronet and welcoming a poet, to the indignation of his chief. William Taylor, an Englishman who had travelled much and had known Goethe, gave him lessons and praises his marvellous aptitude for languages. According to Taylor, Borrow at eighteen could translate "with elegance and fidelity" from twenty different languages, among them Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Celtic, Gothic and Gypsy or Romany dialects. The current reports as to Borrow's linguistic attainments are doubtless exaggerated. His knowledge was superficial and helped out by pretence; nevertheless it was sufficient to be called phenomenal. In handicraft he was a jack-of-all-trades.

Upon the death of his father, in 1824, George was thrown upon his own resources. The law not being to his taste, he went to London, carrying with him a bundle of manuscripts which included translations from the Danish and Welsh. As he records in *Romantic Ballads* (Norwich, 1826), there arrived in town:

> A lad who twenty tongues can talk
> And sixty miles a day can walk;
> Can tune a song and make a verse,
> And deeds of Northern kings rehearse.

RACKHAM'S OFFICES, TUCK'S COURT, ST. GILES, THE SCENE OF BORROW'S EARLY LABOURS

He applied first to Sir Richard Phillips, to whose *New Magazine* he had already contributed some translations of poems. Phillips had a job for him, nothing less than to compile six volumes, each of a thousand pages, devoted to the lives of famous criminals. For this work he was to receive fifty pounds and buy his own books and papers. The work appeared in 1825 as the *Celebrated Trials*. In addition he was to translate into German Phillips's philosophic work, *Proximate Causes of the Material Phenomena of the Universe*. The latter proved to be Borrow's undoing. The first chapter was submitted to learned Germans, who found it utterly unintelligible. Borrow had to confess that when unable to comprehend the meaning of the English text he had translated it literally into German. Notwithstanding the consequent break with Phillips, the *Celebrated Trials*, an account of some four hundred trials, was finished. It was natural that Borrow should speculate rather mournfully upon the effect upon his own mind and character of months spent in reading and editing these records of crime, especially as fifty pounds was all he got for his labour. His work done, he found himself with eighteen pence.

Evidently authorship was not to be his career. Scraping together some money, he decided to leave London and try an outdoor life. A chance meeting with a tinker led to his purchase of the latter's pony and outfit. He soon found that while he knew Chinese he could not mend a kettle properly. He fell in with gypsies, who offered him a bride. Although he declined the offer, he was not insensible to beauty, for his relations with Isopel Berners, a tall, handsome road girl with flaxen hair, led to his famous fight with the Flaming Tinman. During these years of wandering, Borrow's faculty of making friends is apparent. Ostlers,

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scholars, farmers, gypsies, he could earn their respect if he wished to do so. From 1825 until 1832 but little is known of his life. It was his veiled period, concerning which he had as little to say as had Walt Whitman of his New Orleans days. Apparently he was a vagabond, but a studious one. In 1827 he seems to have been in Norwich, for in *Lavengro* he says he saw the famous trotting stallion Marshland Shales, and did for that horse "what I would neither do for earl nor baron, doffed my hat." Sundry efforts to have published his translations from the Welsh came to nothing.

In 1832, through the help of the Rev. Francis Cunningham, of Lowestoft, Suffolk, Borrow obtained the chance to enter the employ of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A man was needed who could translate the New Testament into Manchu. Borrow trudged to London, covering the one hundred and twelve miles in less than twenty-eight hours. The Society's committee liked his looks and gave him six months in which to master Manchu, one of the most difficult of tongues. He succeeded in meeting the tests imposed, and was sent to St. Petersburg in July, 1833, where the Society had undertaken to prepare a Manchu Testament to be distributed in China. Borrow's account of his year's work in Russia is to be found in letters to the Society. He had to be translator, printer, binder, missionary and politician. His life was one long struggle against frightful odds. But he accomplished what the Society wanted, and upon his return to London, in 1835, he was sent to Portugal to find means of introducing the Scriptures there and in Spain. The record of the Spanish years shows again his persistence in overcoming the ignorance and apathy of the people and the enmity of the priest-ridden authorities. Sick, hungry, sometimes in prison, and always the object of persecution and suspicion, he was sometimes discouraged, but not for long. With the help of a Greek servant, one Antonio Buchini, "whose vices were sufficiently obvious to discourage any one from attempting to discover his virtues," he kept on distributing his Bibles wherever possible. Burning with fever, he writes to the Society: "I return God thanks and glory for being permitted to undergo these crosses and troubles for His Word's sake. I would not exchange my present situation, unenviable as some may think it, for a throne." As to the final results of his work, there seems to be doubt. The Spanish gypsies accepted his Testaments, but some of the women confessed that they carried them merely as talismans for good luck when they went upon thieving expeditions!

Borrow's independence of thought, his tendency to raise trouble with the authorities and his fondness for associating with outcasts and all sorts of disreputable characters, far more interesting people to him than respectable folk, together with much impatience over the mild remonstrances of his superiors in London, finally led to his recall and the severance of his relations with the Society. The extraordinary character of the work he had accomplished was acknowledged, but his methods aroused fierce criticism. His activities sometimes even led to friction between the Spanish Government and that of England.

Coming home for good in 1840, Borrow left the employ of the Society. The same year he married Mary Clarke, a widow with one daughter, and these two women now made up his household. His wife had some property at Oulton, Suffolk, where Borrow settled down as a landed proprietor. His income amounted to about £450 a year. He had also saved some money from his salary, but much of that had gone to help his mother, for whom he had always provided with unfailing devotion. Borrow's first book, *The Zincali; an Account of the Gypsies of Spain,* published by John Murray in 1841, was well received, but achieved nothing like the success of *The Bible in Spain,* which in 1842 made its author at once more or less famous. Lockhart reviewed it in *The Quarterly Review* as a work of genius. Borrow's comment upon this review was: "Very good, very clever—very neatly done. Only one fault to find—too laudatory." Another critic called it " a rum, very rum, mixture of Gypsyism, Judaism, and missionary adventure," which reminded him of *Gil Blas* with touch of Bunyan. The book

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had a large sale in England and the *Athenæum* reported (May, 1843) that three hundred thousand copies had been sold in America. As there was no copyright protection, the only thing America gave the author was praise. "I really never heard anything so infamous," wrote Borrow to his wife.

The success of *The Bible in Spain* marked the height of Borrow's prosperity. The history of his tribulations over *Lavengro,* which title Mr. Jenkins notes is Romany for "word-master," is almost too familiar for repetition here. Mr. Jenkins gives a full account of Borrow's life and peculiarities in his last years, years embittered by discontent over what he considered the failure of the public to appreciate him, and later by the death of his mother and then of his wife. Toward the last Borrow was a soured and most eccentric man. Numberless anecdotes are told of his ungracious behaviour. He was more fond of animals than of men. With a famous cotton umbrella, a "damning thing . . . gigantic and green," as Mr. Watts-Dunton calls it, he would take long solitary walks, followed by two dogs and a cat. With his neighbours he was at war over trifles. When in Spain he was obsessed with the notion that the Pope was at the bottom of his troubles. In later life his ideas were no less fantastic. In *Wild Wales* alone there is some return to sanity of view and kindliness of expression. He was, says Mr. Jenkins, whimsical, eccentric, lovable, inexplicable. He lived and died a stranger to the class to which he belonged. He was in sympathy with vagrants and vagabonds and hated his social equals. He died at Oulton in 1881. His papers found their way into the hands of his admirer and biographer, Dr. Knapp.

Mr. Jenkins uses as frontispiece the admirable portrait of 1843 by Henry Wyndham Phillips, R.A., now in the possession of John Murray, the publisher. This portrait is often credited, by error, says Mr. Jenkins, to Thomas Phillips, and, by the way, is so credited in this frontispiece plate. Another portrait, not so satisfactory, is from a hitherto unpublished painting supposed to have been done in 1821.

THE SWAN HOTEL, STAFFORD, WHICH IS INTRODUCED IN "THE ROMANY RYE"

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THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF LEO TOLSTOY*

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN

HEN Turgéneff, writing on his deathbed, addressed Tolstoy as "the great writer of our Russian land" and implored him to return to literary activity, he meant Tolstoy the objective artist, the portrayer of throbbing human life, not Tolstoy the author of tracts. But the two Tolstoys were inseparably blended, in fact. Vengeroff, the literary historian and critic, has described the creator of Anna Karénina as "Russia's great conscience," and this conscience manifests itself in Tolstoy's best artistic productions as well as in his essays on religion or morals.

Indeed, it takes a truly great artist to unite the two elements with impunity. In most cases it is apt to defeat both purposes at once. The novel which is intended to be a sermon in the form of a story usually hits neither of the two birds. Occurrences are marshalled and characters are trimmed to fit the preconceived moral, and the moral reflects the artificiality of the picture.

Life, however, is full of its own sermons. They are songs without words, these sermons, and an artist of Tolstoy's order does not have to sacrifice æsthetic sincerity to his sense of right and wrong. On the contrary, the more faithful he be to his art, the keener will be the human sympathy which his work will arouse, the more effective the moral lesson he will inculcate. Born with an extraordinary gift for listening to and conveying Life's unvarnished tale of our complex existence, with its lights and shades, joys and woes, poetry and squalour, with its iniquities, cruelties, irrelevancies, martyrdoms, self-sacrificing altruisms, Tolstoy was in a position to achieve the reconciliation of moralist and painter without as much as being aware of the feat. This he did in a wonderful manner, but not invariably.

Sometimes a lifelike picture of his would, by its very reality, belie the tenet which it was intended to vivify. On other occasions his marvellous art would simply be intruded upon by long-winded moralisings and theorisings which fused with the situations depicted no more than water would with oil. Or, he might introduce into the story his own personality under the guise of a Pierre Besoukhoff (in *War and Peace*), a Levin (in *Anna Karénina*), or a Nekludoff (in *Resurrection*) and take up page after page with his own meditations and "self-lashings."

In the several volumes of his posthumous stories and dramas, one sees the detachment between the missionary and the artist more often than in the best known of his former works, yet they contain much that bears the stamp of the master-hand which produced those works.

Every story or drama in the five volumes before us is interesting, and—in spite of limitations, due for the most part to lack of finish—full of the invigorating ozone of real art. The absolute simplicity, unsophisticated clarity and unembellished directness which are among the qualities of Tolstoy's method are characteristic of every one of these offerings. The appeal is made at once and is sustained to the last line. A simple human appeal it is, and it enthralls the reader's attention irresistibly. Here and

*Hadji Murad. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Father Sergius and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Forged Coupon and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Man Who was Dead (The Living Corpse). By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Light That Shines in the Darkness. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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there one comes across an unconvincing bit of narrative, some crudity or gap, which tend to indicate that the story was a rough first-sketch rather than a finished product. One feels that in order to make the tale as profoundly true as Tolstoy's stories usually are the author would have had to bestow far more time and space upon it. But it charms us as it is. We are always in the presence of a master with a penetrating eye and with an uncompromising prophet-like passion for truth, always in the presence of "the great conscience of Russia."

Whatever may be the relative merit of these posthumous productions when placed side by side with such works of their author as *War and Peace, Anna Karénina, The Death of Ivan Ilytch, Childhood and Youth, Family Happiness* or *Master and Man,* they certainly take rank with the best things we have received from any source since the publication of *Resurrection.*

Hadji Murad, which occupies one of the five volumes under consideration, has been characterised as a novel of action, But the term has been too wofully abused to suit a piece of literature of this type. It is usually contrasted with the "novel of character," and is meant to apply to "plot novels," in which the plot is the chief source of interest, animating detail being sacrificed to the rapidity with which events pass in review. *Hadji Murad* is certainly full of action, but it is the kind of action which is alive with the blood of reality. The story is peopled with characters every one of which appeals to one's imagination with the certainty of an acquaintance in actual life, and every scene in it makes the reader feel as though he had personally taken part in it. It is a romantic story, thrillingly so, but here again a word of special comment seems to be needed in order to save the term from misconstruction. Indeed, so deep-rooted is our habit of regarding romance as the antithesis of realism, that we are apt to forget that real life is rich in the wildest happenings which the boldest imagination could conceive; that fact is often really stronger than the most far-fetched fiction. *Hadji Murad* is an entrancing piece of romance, full of colour, but real, true, absolutely convincing. It is semi-historical, in fact, the author having met the central figure of the tale in the fifties and the events described being largely actual occurrences in the history of Russia's subjugation of the Caucasus.

Hadji Murad, a Tartar chieftain, was "the leading dare-devil and 'brave'" of the mountainous region. Tolstoy contrasts the naturalness and unsophisticated impulsiveness of this dauntless barbarian with the insincerities and varnished barbarities of his civilised conquerors. The following passage, which is distinctively Tolstoyan, is representative of the whole work:

That evening, at the New Theatre, which was decorated in oriental style, an Italian opera was performed. Vorontsov was in his box when the striking figure of the limping Hadji Murad, wearing a turban, appeared in the stalls. He came in with Lovis Melikov (Count Louis Melikov, who afterward became Minister of the Interior and framed the Liberal ukase which was signed by Alexander II. the day that he was assassinated, but who was then Vorontsov's aide-de-camp). Having sat through the first act with oriental, Mohammedan dignity, expressing no pleasure, but only obvious indifference, he rose and looking calmly around at the audience went out, drawing to himself everybody's attention.

The next day was Monday and there was the usual evening party at the Vorontsovs'. In the large, brightly lighted hall a band was playing hidden among the trees. Young and not very young women in dresses displaying their bare necks, arms and breasts, turned around in the embrace of men in bright uniforms. As the buffet footmen in red swallow-tail coats and wearing shoes and knee breeches, poured out champagne and served sweetmeats to the ladies, the "Sirdar's" wife also, in spite of her age, went about half-dressed among the visitors, affably smiling, and through their interpreter said a few amiable words to Hadji Murad, who glanced at the visitors with the same indifference he had shown yesterday in the theatre. After the hostess, other half-naked women came up to him and all of them shamelessly stood before him and smilingly asked him the same question: How he liked what he saw? Vorontsov himself, wearing gold epaulets and gold shoulder-knots with his white cross and ribbon at his neck, came up

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and asked him the same question, evidently feeling sure, like all others, that Hadji Murad could not help being pleased at what he saw. Hadji Murad replied to Vorontsov, as he had replied to them all, that among his people nothing of the kind was done. He said it without expressing an opinion as to whether it was good or bad that it was so.

Father Sergius, the leading figure in a story by that name, was originally a courtier with a splendid future before him. Discovering a liaison between his betrothed and the Czar, he suddenly cuts short his worldly career and enters a monastery, where, in a desperate struggle for moral perfection, he is faced by a series of temptations in the form of the sex. It is a most original story, full of unique interest; and it is only to be deplored that the author died without having had an opportunity to develop the various parts more fully. As it is, and when one bears in mind the high finish, full of life-giving detail, which characterise Tolstoy's celebrated novels, the story strikes one as a somewhat crude, though a fascinating study intended to serve as a basis for a novel rather than the novel itself.

The Man Who Was Dead, a drama in five acts, is perhaps the most interesting piece of histrionic literature that ever came from Tolstoy's pen. Not that the drama was his most natural vehicle of expression. For Tolstoy was primarily a painter of the inner man, a department of literary art which cannot very well be restricted by the trammels of dialogue. Tolstoy's strongest effects are achieved by introducing the reader to the mental processes of his characters, and while it is certainly true that the best characterisation is often attained by hearing him or her talk, it is equally true that conversations alone would be powerless to admit us to those psychological depths and that vividness of portraiture which more than anything else places Tolstoy at the head of modern novelists. Yet the few dramas which he has left us are a notable contribution to this branch of literature, and among these *The Man Who Was Dead* will be found a most irresistible production. Indeed, it has met with singular success wherever it was produced, whether in the original or in translation; and the book is as thrilling to the reader as the play is to the theatre-goer.

The story of the play is practically the story of a case which came up in the criminal court of Moscow and the details of which were conveyed to Tolstoy by the judge who presided at the trial. In order to enable his wife to marry the man she loves, the prisoner had caused a false report to reach her to the effect that he, her legal husband, is dead. This he backed up by changing his name and completely withdrawing from his former world. The deception was discovered many years after the supposed widow celebrated what she thought was her second wedding.

Tolstoy was always fond of "plagiarising reality," as Jack London would put it. He preferred to borrow his plots from actual life. With such a story for a skeleton he would proceed to clothe it with flesh and blood and a delicately complicated nervous system. This he did with the above criminal case, as far as the limitations of the dramatic form would permit.

Protassoff, the leading character in the play, is easily one of the most engaging and pathetic personalities ever seen on any stage. It is a distinctively Russian type, the embodiment of conditions in a country where the nobility has been effeminated and rendered unfit for practical action by many centuries of the serf-system, on the one hand, and by the complexities of an iron-handed hierarchy on the other. Protassoff is the possessor of that "broad Russian soul" which often leaves little room for sober prosaic common sense. The so-called "Russian unpreparedness," of which one heard so much during the late Russo-Japanese conflict, was, in fact, to a large extent at least, the result of the same conditions. The Russian officers, sons of the same nobility to which Protassoff belongs, were no match for their hardy and practical opponents. It was simply a case of the history of the Crimean War repeating itself. It was the outcome of that war—by the way, an outcome disastrous for Russian arms—which was the most potent cause that led to the abolition of

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serfdom. The helplessness of the Russian, when pitted against an Englishman, made the effect of that system manifest to the then ruling spirits of the country. But then the abolition of serfdom is of too recent origin for all its traces to have vanished. The types which it produced persist.

Pure, high-minded, impatient of the cruelties and hypocrisies of the life that surrounds him, Protassoff is too weak to join in a crusade against these conditions. As an upshot, his own existence is abhorrent to him. He hates himself for what he regards as an iniquitous life, and he hates himself for his lack of fibre.

Here we at once recognise the spirit of "Russia's great conscience," but Protassoffs are a rather common occurrence in that country, and the central figure of the play is as real as was its author.

Protassoff seeks to drown the voice of his conscience in the Wine, Woman and Song of a Moscow café, where there is a gypsy girl with a voice that "turns his whole inner life upside down," whose songs are as full of fire as her eyes. The girl is an interesting combination of traits inherited partly from her roving parents and partly from the civilisation which surrounds her. She is sincerely in love with Protassoff, but his is a sort of platonic interest.

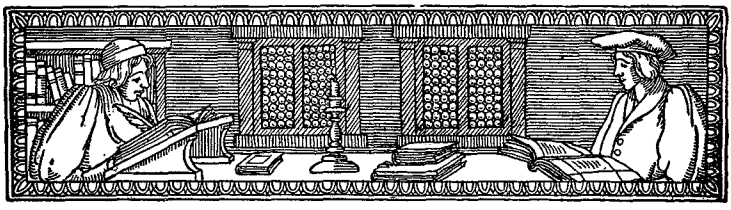
His self-disgust grows in proportion as he sinks lower and lower economically and socially. Yet the inner-man in him remains as pure and attractive as ever, so that while we are repelled by his outer metamorphosis, we are overcome by a heart-breaking sense of commiseration for the spiritual man, coupled with a keen condemnation of the conditions which we hold responsible for his degradation.

Protassoff pities his wife, and it is in order to free her from himself and to enable her to be happy with his best friend, that he decides to become a "living corpse." When the mutilated drowned body of an unknown man is picked up floating in the river, Protassoff avails himself of the incident. He sets a report on foot that the dead man is no other than he.

The Light That Shines in the Darkness is a play which is generally supposed to depict Tolstoy's own conflict with his family in endeavouring to live up to his high moral principles.

Two of the strongest and most touching stories in the volume headed by the *Forged Coupon* are "My Dream" and "After the Dance."

They are remarkable tales, both of them, reminding us of their author's best vein and of the most characteristic trend of his genius.



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THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Published by Author:

The Poems of Ida Ahlhorn Weeks.
The Poems of Leroy Titus Weeks.
Ways of Men. By Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Poet's Anthology of Poems. By Alfred Noyes.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Praise of Lincoln: An Anthology. Collected and Arranged by A. Dallas Williams.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Romance of the Universe. By B. T. Stauber, A.M., D.T.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Hawaiian Memories. By Blanco Howard Wenner.

The Cosmopolitan Press:

Vagrant Verses. By Modeste Hannis Jordan.

The Light of the Gods. By Grace Granger.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

America the Beautiful and Other Poems. By Katharine Lee Bates.

Dana Estes and Company:

For Her Namesake: An Anthology of Poetical Addresses from Devout Lovers to Gentle Maidens. By Stephen Langton.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Songs of the Road. By A. Conan Doyle.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Masque of the Elements. By Herman Scheffauer.

Forbes and Company:

Ben King's Southland Melodies.

The Fraternal Press:

The Tongues of Toil and Other Poems. By William Francis Barnard.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Garland of Childhood. A Little Book for All Lovers of Children. Compiled by Percy Withers.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's. By Grace Fallow Norton.

A Roman Wit. Epigrams of Martial. Rendered into English by Paul Nixon.

The John Lane Company:

The Ballad of the White Horse. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Emblems of Love, Designed in Several Discourses. By Lascelles Abercrombie.

The J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Queen of Orplede. By Charles Wharton Stork.

John W. Lovell:

Poems of Frank Butler.

The Macmillan Company:

The Hill of Vision. By James Stephens.
The Overture and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher.
The Voices of the Rivers. By Nina Salaman.

The McGregor Company:

Leaves of Life. By Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

Massada Publishing Company:

The Book of Pain-Struggle Called the Prophecy of the Fulfilment.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Poems of Francis Orray Ticknor. Edited and Collected by His Granddaughter Michelle Cutliff Ticknor.
My Three Loves. The Poems of Beverley Dandridge Tucker.
For Truth and Freedom. Poems of Commemoration. By Armistead C. Gordon.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Bell and Wing. By Frederick Fanning Ayer.
Helen of Troy, and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale.

W. A. Scott:

Lyrics of the Under World. By S. A. Beadle.

Sherman, French and Company:

Flowers from the Wayside. By Warren R. Fitch.
Poems by George B. Balch.
The Red Sultan's Soliloquy. By S. V. Bedickian.
On Hurley Hills and Other Verse. By Elias D. Smith.
The Army of Days and Other Verse. By Henry James MacLafferty.
The Pilgrim's Staff. By May Louise Tibbits.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Heart of Youth: Poems Gay and Grave for Young People. Edited by Jeannette L. Gilder, with an Introduction by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Yonkers Publishing Company:

Remnant Rhymes. By Edwin Austin Oliver.

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ART AND DRAMA

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Light that Shines in Darkness: A Drama. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright.

Duffield and Company:

Yankee Fantasies: Five One-Act Plays. By Percy Mackaye.

Paul Elder and Company:

On the Laws of Japanese Painting: An Introduction to the Study of the Art of Japan. By Henry P. Bowie, with Prefatory Remarks by Iwaya Sazanami and Hirai Kinza.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Plays of Protest: The Naturewoman, The Machine, The Second-Story Man, Prince Hagen. By Upton Sinclair.

John Lane Company:

Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles. By A. E. Gallatin.

The Macmillan Company:

The War God: A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Israel Zangwill.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

D. Appleton and Company:

Lafcadio Hearn. By Nina H. Kennard.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Intimacies of Court and Society. An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days. By the Widow of an American Diplomat.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Nietzsche. By Paul Elmer More.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Based on His Private Journals and Correspondence. (In two volumes.) By Wilfrid Ward.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Men and Things of My Time. By Marquis de Castellane. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Richard G. Badger:

In Northern Labrador. By William B. Cabot.

George H. Doran Company:

A Short History of the Scottish People. By Donald Macmillan, M.A., D.D.

The Russian People. By Maurice Baring.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Last Cruise of the Saginaw. By George H. Read.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria: An Account of an Official's Seven Years' Experiences in the Northern Nigerian Pagan Belt, and a Description of the Manners, Habits and Customs of the Native Tribes. By Major A. J. N. Tremearne, B.A.

Among the Eskimos of Labrador: A Record of Five Years' Close Intercourse with the Eskimo Tribes of Labrador. By S. K. Hutton, M.B., Ch.B.Vict.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

In the Heart of the Vosges and Other Sketches by a "Devious Traveller." By Miss Betham-Edwards.

Vigilante Days and Ways. By Nathaniel Pitt Langford.

Outing Publishing Company:

Saddle and Camp in the Rockies: An Expert's Picture of Game Conditions in the Heart of our Hunting Countries. By Dillon Wallace.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Japan of the Japanese. By Joseph H. Longford.

Narratives of Early Pennsylvania, West New Jersey and Delaware—1630-1707. Edited by Albert Cook Myers.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

A Negro Explorer at the North Pole. By Matthew A. Henson, with a Foreword by Robert E. Peary and an Introduction by Booker T. Washington.

EDUCATION

Columbia University:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:

The Ricardian Socialists. By Esther Lowenthal, Ph.D.

Ibrahim Pasha, Grand Vizir of Suleiman the Magnificent. By Hester Donaldson Jenkins, Ph.D.

Columbia University Studies in Comparative Literature:

The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction. By Samuel Lee Wolff, Ph.D.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects. Edited by Herbert Weir Smyth, Ph.D.

New York State Education Department:

State of New York. Seventh Annual Report of the Education Department for the School Year Ending July 31, 1910. Transmitted to the Legislature January 30, 1911.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

The Lake English Classics: Shorter English Poems. From the College Entrance Requirements in English. Edited by Vida D. Scudder, M.A.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

In Fableland. By Emma Serl.

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RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND POLITICS

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

The Beauty of Self-Control. By J. R. Miller.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Sunday-Night Evangel: A Series of Sunday Evening Discourses Delivered in Independence Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Missouri. By the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

Harper and Brothers:

Some Chemical Problems of To-Day. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.

Spiritism and Psychology. By Theodore Flournoy. Translated, Abridged, and with an Introduction by Hereward Carrington.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel: Sermons to Young Men. By Francis Greenwood Peabody.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Mechanical Inventions of To-Day. Interesting Descriptions of Modern Mechanical Inventions Told in Non-Technical Language. By Thomas W. Corbin.

Jenne Morrow Long:

Outward and Inward Man. Compiled by Jenne Morrow Long.

The Macmillan Company:

Everyman's Religion. By George Hodges.

The Five Great Philosophies of Life. By William DeWitt Hyde.

The Tariff of Our Times. By Ida M. Tarbell.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Eugenio Rigano Upon the Inheritance of Acquired Characters—A Hypothesis of Heredity, Development and Assimilation. Authorised English Translation by Basil C. H. Harvey.

The Pilgrim Press:

My Four Anchors: What We Know in the Realm of Religion. By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.

The Victorious Surrender. By Henry Turner Bailey.

An Anonymous Confession. By W. Ellsworth Lawson.

James Pott and Company:

Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy. A Political Study. By V. de Bragança Cunha.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Great Problem. By Ivan Howland Benedict, M.A.

Rules for Right Living and Right Conduct: From the Teachings of Jesus the Christ.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. With Illustrations in Colour and an Introduction by Jules Guerrin.

FICTION

Brentano's:

A Rolling Stone. By B. M. Croker.

The Great Gay Way. By Tom Gallon.

Chantemarle: A Romance of the Cendean War. By D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Utopia Achieved: A Novel of the Future. By Herman Hine Brinsmade.

The Century Company:

The Woman from Wolverton: A Story of Washington Life. By Isabel Gorden Curtis.

The Fighting Doctor. By Helen R. Martin.

Edward J. Clode:

Odd Numbers: Being Further Chronicles of Shorty McCabe. By Sewell Ford.

The Cosmopolitan Press:

The Studio Baby. By Modeste Hannis Jordan.

Sidney: A Love Story of the Old South. By Modeste Hannis Jordan.

The Story of Sam Tag. Age from Ten to Fifteen, from 1860 to 1865. By S. J. Kennerly.

The Seven Sons of Ballyhack. By Thomas Sawyer Spivey.

He That is Without Sin. By Ivan Trepoff.

Dorothy Day. By William Dudley Foulke.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Mystery Queen. By Fergus Hume.

Bought and Paid For: A Story of To-Day. From the Play of George Broadhurst. By Arthur Hornblow.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Hadji Murád. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude.

The Forged Coupon and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright.

The Butterfly House. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

The Essential Thing. By Arthur Hodges.

The Chalice of Courage. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Duffield and Company:

Paradise Farm. By Katherine Tynan.

The Garden of Indra. By Michael White.

The High Adventure. By John Oxenham.

Country Neighbours: A Long Island Pastoral. By Susan Taber.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Heart of Life. By Pierre de Coulevain.

Henry Holt and Company:

Among the Idolmakers. By L. P. Jacks.

The Return of Pierre. By Donal Hamilton Haines.

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Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Heart of Us. By T. R. Sullivan.

The Luck of Rathcoole: Being the Romantic Adventures of Mistress Faith Wolcott (sometime known as "Miss Moppet") During Her Sojourn in New York at an Early Period of the Republic. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln.

The Plain Path. By Frances Newton Symmes Allen.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Bracken. By John Trevena.

The Position of Peggy. By Leonard Merrick.

John Lane Company:

Zuleika Dobson. By Max Beerbohm.

Sekhet. By Irene Miller.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Mystery of Mary. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz.

From the Car Behind. By Eleanor M. Ingram.

Little, Brown and Company:

In Desert and Wilderness. By Henryk Sienkiewicz.

The Mountain Girl. By Payne Erskine.

A. C. McClurg Company:

The Sable Lorcha. By Horace Hazeltine.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Man from Jericho. By Edwin Carlile Litsey.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Toll Bar. By J. E. Buckrose.

The Relentless Current. By M. E. Charlesworth.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Fathers of Men. By E. W. Hornung.

A Local Colorist. By Annie Trumbull Slosson.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The One and the Other. By Hewes Lancaster.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

A Painter of Souls. By David Lisle.

Cap'n Joe's Sister. By Alice Louise Lee.

To M. L. G. or One Who Passed. Anon.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Drunkard. By Guy Thorne.

NEW EDITIONS

American Baptist Publication Society:

India and Daily Life in Bengal. By Rev. Z. F. Griffin, B.D. (Third Edition.)

The Cosmopolitan Press:

The Rational Memory. By W. H. Groves. (Second Edition.)

Dodd, Mead and Company:

My Lady Caprice. By Jeffery Farnol.

R. F. Fenno:

A Curb to Predatory Wealth. By W. V. Marshall. (Second edition revised.)

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Collected Works of William Morris:

Volume IX. Love is Enough: Poems by the Way.

Volume X. Three Northern Love Stories: The Tale of Beowulf.

Volume XI. The Æneids of Virgil.

Volume XII. The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and The Fall of the Nibelungs.

C. V. Mosby Company:

Handbook of Suggestive Therapeutics, Applied Hypnotism, Psychic Science. A Manual of Practical Psychotherapy, Designed Especially for the General Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery. By Henry S. Munro, M.D. (Third edition, revised and enlarged.)

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

The Coming Generation. By William Byron Forbush.

The Arakelyan Press:

Critique of Pure Kant, or a Real Realism *vs.* A Fictitious Idealism. In a Word the Bubble and Monstrosity of the Kantian Metaphysic. By Charles Kirkland Wheeler.

The Boston Book Company:

Abbreviations and Technical Terms Used in Book Catalogues and in Bibliographies. By Frank Keller Walter.

Boston Public Library:

The Public Library of the City of Boston. A History. By Horace G. Wadlin, Litt.D. Printed at the Library and Published by the Trustees.

Columbia University Press:

Mathew Carey, Editor, Author and Publisher. A Study in American Literary Development. By Earl L. Bradsher, Ph.D.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Death. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Duffield and Company:

Home Hygiene and Prevention of Disease. By Norman E. Ditman, M.D.

The New England Cook Book. By Helen S. Wright.

Eaton and Mains:

Dynamic Christianity. By Levi Gilbert.

Forbes and Company:

Business and Kingdom Come. By Frank Crane.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Comments of Bagshot. (Second Series.) By J. A. Spender.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Egyptian Conception of Immortality. By George Andrew Reisner.

Socialism and Character. By Vida D. Scudder.

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William R. Jenkins Company:

Modern Riding and Horse Education. By Major Noel Birch.

German for Daily Use: Comprising Conversations for Journeying and for Daily Use in Town and Country. By E. P. Prentys.

Jewish Publication Society:

Selected Essays by Ahad Ha-'am. Translated from the Hebrew by Leon Simon.

John Lane Company:

The Criminal and the Community. By James Devon.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Conquests of Science Series: The Railway Conquest of the World. By Frederick A. Talbet.

Amateur Gardencraft: A Book for the Home-Maker and Garden Lover. By Eben E. Rexford.

The American Government. By Frederick J. Haskin.

Luzac and Company, London:

An Essay on Hinduism: Its Formation and Future. Illustrating the Laws of Social Evolution as Reflected in the History of the Formation of Hindu Community. By Shridhar V. Ketkar, M.A., Ph.D.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or The Mind in Health and Disease. By William S. Sadler, M.D.

The Trooper Police of Australia: A Record of Mounted Police Work in the Commonwealth from the Earliest Days of Settlement to the Present Time. By A. L. Haydon.

Old English Libraries: The Making, Collection, and Use of Books during the Middle Ages. By Ernest A. Savage.

How to Save Money. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

More Guessing Contests by "Dame Curtsey." By Ellye Howell Glover.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life and Love of the Insect. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Methods of Race-Regeneration. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

The Problem of Race-Regeneration. By Havelock Ellis.

The Declining Birthrate: Its National and International Significance. By Arthur Newsholme, M.D.

Surgery and Society: A Tribute to Listerism. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Laughter of Jesus. By Elmer Willis Serl.

Israel's Prophets. By George L. Petrie, D.D.

The United States Government. By Victor P. Hammer.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

American-Japanese Relations: An Inside View of Japan's Policies and Purposes. By Kiyoshi K. Kawakami.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Country Life Library: Causeries on English Pewter. By Antonio de Navarre.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in the order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Mystery of Number 47. Clouston. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess Der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Complete Opera Goer's Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Us. Sullivan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. A Painter of Souls. Lisle. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. The Modern Railroad. Hungerford. (McClurg.) $1.75.
3. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with the U. S. Census. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century.) $1.20.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Social Forces in American History. Simons. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. The Playboy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Fiction

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Jennie Gerhardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. Seven Short Plays of Lady Gregory (Luce.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
5. Prince and Betty. Woodhouse. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Man's Birthright. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Fiction

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Gleaners. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
3. At Good Old Siwash. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Play-Boy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) $1.00.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
4. How To Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Queen of the City of Mirth. Sabin. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
2. Bunny House and Other Rhymes. Bridgman. (Caldwell.) 60 cents.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.
6. The Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

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JUVENILES

1. The Glenlock Girls Club. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Four Corners at College. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times. King. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Ward. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Champion of the Regiment. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. The Peace of Soloman Valley. McCarter. (McClurg.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The Fight for Conservation. Pinchot. (Doubleday, Page.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Ethan Frome. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerly.) $1.30.
6. The Fool in Christ. Hauptman. (Huebsch.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. Fifty Years of Public Service. Cullom. (McClurg.) $3.00.
3. Madras House. Barker. (Kennerly.) $1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
2. Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. The Cable Game. Washburn. (Sherman, French.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Treasure Babies. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
3. The Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. Field. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Life, Death and Immortality. Thomson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Freshman Dorn, Pitcher. Quirk. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Adrian Savage. Malet. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Jennie Gehardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.00.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Across China on Foot. Dingle. (Holt.) $3.50.
4. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

Juveniles

No report.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
5. Vane of the Timberland. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Through the Mill. Priddy. (Pilgrim Press.) $1.35.
2. Royal Romance of To-day. Durland. (Duffield.) $2.50.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. A Living Without a Boss. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
2. Peggy Owen at Yorktown. Madison. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
3. The Germans. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. Industrial Depressions. Hull. (Stokes.) $2.75.

JUVENILES

1. A West Point Lieutenant. Malone. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Who Understood Woman. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sheridan. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Providence in Colonial Times. Kimball. (Houghton Mifflin.) $6.50.
2. Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. Field. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Reminiscences. Angell. (Longmans, Green.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

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5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Jennie Gerhardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Healer. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Mary Carey. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Truth About an Author. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. Franz Liszt. Huneker. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Jaunts of Junior. Hunt. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. David Crockett, Scout. Allen. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
4. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Municipal Plan of Seattle. Bogue. (Lowman & Hanford.) $1.50.
2. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Mountain Campfires. Meany. (Lowman & Hanford.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Further Adventures of Nils. Lagerloff. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

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4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Torchy. Ford. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Copp, Clark.) $1.50.
6. A Safety Match. Hay. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of Father Lacombe. Hughes. (Briggs.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Herz. $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Trevor Case. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
2. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Secrets of Strength. Ingram. (Young Churchman.) $1.00.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Tell It Again Stories. Dillingham and Emerson. (Ginn.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	280
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	182
3. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	144
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	137
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35	133
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25	105

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